

Preface.

Being fortunate in having my Fathers diary to start with, and looking back at my life from the very beginning and trying to convey to my readers, of how my life unfolded by the times and circumstances, that were in place at the time. I find myself pondering my words and descriptions that describe the way I can best relay " The story of my life" without the reader going to sleep in the process. Should I give the manuscript to a professional writer, and have him change my wording and description, in order to come up with a more professional piece of reading material? No! That would not be me! Instead I will let my story stand the way I first described it, with all my faults and shortcomings, the way it unfolded.

I have tried to retain the flavor and flow of my story as it happened, to give the future generation an understanding of the way things were. It is mind \boggling to see what changes have taken place in the time of history I have lived (and still live) in! Will technology continue at its present rate? Only time will tell!

May we all look up to the Almighty for our well being and happiness. In looking at myself, I feel that God in not through with me, and am still a works in the making!

**PA Janzen
2004.**

The Story Of Peter Abram Janzen

as written by myself

My name is Peter A Janzen. The year is 2004. I am 80 years young. I believe in the almighty who has brought about this wonderful world and everything that is in it. I believe that God sent his beloved Son down to earth, to set an example for humanity to follow and live by. I consider myself a christian and through prayer and meditation, been blessed with so many good thing's in life. My reasoning for this good life,(that I have so abundantly been blessed with,) can only been traced back to the time God formed the earth, and put everything in place for our lively hood. Everything that we eat, drink , drive, or wear, was put on earth, sea and sky to start with! Sounds primitive? Not really, when you think of it. Give that a bit of thought! However, I do marvel at what mankind has accomplished through education, research, manufacture and medicine, from what God gave us to start with,

A thought comes to mind! Have we gone too far with all that is going on? We are at a point of no end, to what they can do to the human body and make your outward appearance so different then what you started with. On the other side of the coin of course, there is the wear-with-all to also give you a longer life!

I do not believe in evolution. Could never find any monkeys in our ancestry. (Some might have acted like them.) This is the way I look at the world and will reveal my life's story as it unfolded, and still does unfold, in this, The Story Of My Life. I am so thankful for every day that passes, with all its up's and down's.

My Father (Abram A Janzen) was born Aug. 10th 1885 in Georgsthal Ukraine, a part of the USSR in those days, which lies on the west side of the country, north of the Black Sea.

My Mother (Margaretha Martens) was also born in Georgsthal In 1888.

My Grandfather , on Dads side, was Jacob Janzen.

My Grandfather, on Mothers side, was Cornelius Martens.

Dads Father passed away in the spring of 1899 and his Mother passed away in the fall of the same year. Dad was 15 years old at the time.

Grandfather owned a machine factory. When he passed away, Dad

and his Brothers Isaac and Jacob had a three day auction to sell all there was to disposed of. Dad said that it was a bad year and things were sold at a very reasonable price. Apparently the three of them agreed not to continue in the business. A good work bench (called hoble bank) and all attachments went for 15 rubles. Quite a bargain at the time.

The factory buildings were torn down and transported away. The house they lived in was moved to Altcolone, im Nuindorfand, what was left was taken to Rossendorf. Dad and his Brothers moved to Muhaldorf where they farmed for a year, Jacob, the older of his Brothers immigrated to Canada in 1900 and Isaac followed the year after. Dad at this time moved back to Georgsthal where he was born , to live with his Sister who was married to a Mr. A Martens. They owned a farm and worked for them till he got married October 8th 1906 to a women by the name of Margaretha Martens. His wages were 60 rules for the summer and 25 for the winter. How's that for an accumulation of wealth

After their first year of marriage he got conscripted to work for the Government which lasted for 3 years, as a conscientious objector. His wife during this time stayed with her Parents in Geogsthal.

In the winter of 1910 Dad came back home and bought a farm that was called a half land (About 60 acres) and shortly there after, bought another half a land and together was some 160 acres. In 1914 he bought yet another farm (most have been on a roll!) from his relatives and was also the year that the first World War got started.

It was Sunday June 28th 1914 that crowds gathered in Sarajevo, the Capital of the Austrian provence of Bosnia. They came to see the Arch Duke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria and Hungary, with his wife Sophia. Suddenly a man jumped unto the running board of the Royal touring car with a pistol and fired 3 shots, 2 of which stuck Ferdinand an 1 hit Sophia, who was trying to shield him. They both died shortly there after. In October Austria, Hungary, Germany and the Ottoman Empire were at war with the Allies, Belgium, France, Great Briton, Russia and Serbia. Others latter joined the fighting that lasted till 1918.

Dad got conscripted to work in a Hospital during the war as a nurses aid and spent 4 years in the Army without a furlough to go home. He used to say, there were signs in front of restaurants about ,

DOGS & SOLDERS not allowed. Guess the government did not worry too much about the morale of the troops.

At this point it might do well to give you more of the details for the cause of WW1. As I mentioned before. The Arch Duke Francis Ferdinand and his wife Sophia were assassinated. The basic cause of WW1 went way back to the 1800's. People controlled by other countries began to develop feelings of Nationalism. Countries grouped together in Military Alliances to advance their own gain. Finally Governments clouded international relations by carrying out secret diplomacy, French, German and Italian speaking and others ,began to feel they should have a separate National Government, where every one spoke the same language.

Way back when the Napolianic wars ended in 1815, Diplomats of the congress of Vienna drew boundaries to suit them selves. Putting people of the same nationalities in different countries,, that brought violence and also the Franco-Prussian War which ended in 1871. All these people wanted their own country. Military Alliances were another cause of WW1. Chancellor OTTO VON BISMARCK unified the German people and had hope for peace. He sought Allies who's support would discourage other nations from attacking Germany. In 1882 Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Italy signed a TRIPLE ALLIANCE TREATY, they all feared Russia. Other little countries signed agreements with each other, but did not really trust some of them that signed, so it was a very explosive time in history.

Germany fought more then 20 allied nations during the first war, and was the war to end all wars, but was not the case, as we all know. Military casualties of WW1 were 33,614,898, this included dead, wounded, prisoners and those missing. When the war ended, came the revolution and seemed worse then the war itself.

Dad got a furlough when the war was over and went home but had to go back to CHERSON for his belongings. While there, they met up with a group of men that had spent long and hard times in prison for various reasons. There were some 2000 of them. A large percentage had been in chains for years. They had been in for any amount of reasons, murder,stealing rape and for what have you. They would not talk about why they had been in chains, but were so glad to be free, they invaded the closest black smith shop to have them

removed. The Blacksmith was left with quite a pile of iron on his hands. Most of them did not even know why they had been incarcerated, nor did they have any reprisal. Lawyers would have had a hey day, had that happened in this country.

After the war came the revolution & according to Dads diary could only be described by someone who had gone through those times that it all took place. The bands (or contingents) roamed the country at will. The white bands were the Germans & the red were the Russians. These bands would do battle, back and forth, depending on who ever had the most fire power. It was a disaster when these armies would be fighting for territories in the villages that our people lived in.

Everything in those days was of course drawn by horse power & driven quite hard at times , so replacements would be needed & what better place to come for them, then the village farmers. When these demands were made, it was in the best interests of our people not to resist, for they would stop at nothing to gain their demands. According to Dads diary, in some cases , when people did resist, they not only were shot, but would demand that the rest of the family be present to see them being shot. A few times these gangs did come to our village, but there was never any life taken. The times they did come to our village of Georgsthal, they did demand that Dad come with them & a good team of horses to help haul supplies, cannons, ammunition. For the good horses, they left Dad an old worn out pair of nags which had seen better days. After a few days of helping them out , he was aloud to go home.

The red army at this time was all over the place, so Dad only moved by night so as not to be seen by any of the gangs. He had quite some distance to travel, plus a few rivers to cross without the advantage of a bridge & at times the water was so deep, that the wagon box would want to come detached from the wheels which presented a bit of a problem. When he did get back, the other army was their to greet him & also interrogate him as to where the opposing army was & its strength.

After being home some 4 or 5 days, another gang came along and with guns pointed , that demanded for him to come with them & convinced him that the lesser of the two evil's would be to go along with them which he did, but only to the next village were he met a guy by the name of Freisen, a young fellow that had at one time worked for him in better times. Dad asked him if he would like to sneak back home? " yes

sir" was his reply, so the next night he stole himself away from the red army he was with & met Dad, together they took off. They did not have the convenience of a map to guide them, so the moon and the stars were their navigational direction of travel. After some close call's, they did make it back home to their village.

After all this time of terror, times started improving . The revolution overthrew Nicholas the 2nd and the Bolsheviks (communists) seized power . The Communists defeated the anti Communists during the Civil war, which ended in 1920, and Stalin became the leader who was an atheist. That of course did not sit well with the Mennonites and their beliefs which in turn, started their immigration to Canada, USA, South America and Germany.

Millions of people were done away with during the PURGE ordered by Stalin. This man did away with more people than any war until that time in history. My Parents decided to immigrate to Canada, which in time they did.

During all of Dads services to country and their army without a furlough. Mother lived with her Parents however, some where along the line he must have snuck every once in a while without any one knowing, for the family kept growing till there were 9 of us, all born in the USSR. There is a repeating question in my mind that keeps asking. Why was there never any mention made of a birth made in Dads diary? Myself and my Brothers and Sisters are as follows.

Margaret \-----B\---Feb. 1910

Nettie\-----B\----Jan. 1920

Mary\-----B\---Aug. 1911

Jacob\-----B\----Mar. 1922

Annie\-----B\-- Jan. 1913

Peter\ -----B\----Feb. 1924

Helen\ ----- B\----Des. 1914

Nick\-----B\----Oct. 1925

Abram\-----B\--- July. 1918

Isaac was born in Canada\---May. 1928 How's that for a nice round figure ? I loved every one of them!

From Ussr to Canada.

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When Dad finally got back from all his escapades & what not, Mom & Dad decided to immigrate to Canada. Many of their neighbors had already sold their farms & belongings & were in the process of immigrating to Canada. They had sold their farms to Lutherans who spoke a High German (Hoch Deutsch) so could converse with them quite easily. My parents also sold their farm for 6300 rubles which included everything, land, buildings, inside and out. The only thing they took with them were, two horses & a cow, which they kept till the day they would move out, to give them some means of transportation & milk for the family. The sale of the cow & horses brought in another 300 ruble. After paying an enormous price for the Passports & all related requirements, they made their move in 1926 with 3600 ruble in their pockets & nine children ranging from 1 to 16 years in age. What faith & courage that most have taken! Moving into a country, thousands of miles away, not being able to speak a word of English. I just marvel at their undertaking however, like the saying goes, "where there's a will, there's a way!" So they took the first fast train, (schnellen zug) to Moscow, There they waited for their Pass Ports which apparently had to come from Petrograd. I can just imagine staying around for 4 days in a City with 9 kids that had never been away from a farm. What a time of anxiety that must have been! Something like the following must have taken place. Hold it! Hold it! Hold it! You cant just run out into the street like that. You will get killed, besides, you haven't got any bottoms on. Mary & Margaret, see that they get dressed before you let them out again. Abe. Why are you hitting Nettie? She hit me first! Annie, go see why Nick is crying in the crib! Mom to the kids, will you stop making all that noise? I cant hear myself think! She must have had a good many thoughts going through her mind about this time! No! No! Nettie. Why are you lifting your skirt? I have to go! You cant do that in the city. All the people will see you. You have to go on the pot in the bath room!

Now what is Abe trying to do? He is stopping the traffic so Helen can get across the street!

Mother must have been down on her knees praying for the time to pass by a bit more quickly & thinking of what they had really gotten themselves in to. It must have been a time for second thoughts, but not to be acted on but, are we really on our way to Canada or am I just dreaming? What ever it is, Lord help us all!

I can just imagine Mother saying. " If we don't soon get out of hear these kids are going to drive me crazy!" No,no, no, Jack, you can't go out like that, you haven't got any cloths on ! "Margaret! " See that he gets dressed!" Mother must have been fit to be tied about now.

While in Moscow, Dad also had to change his money to a different currency, (To the Dollar.) The bank teller ask him where he had gotten all this money from? He told him that he had sold his farm & all of his belongings! In Dads diary he mentioned something about having some wrong money, (Falshes gelt.) This wrong money he was talking about was, money that had been printed during the Zares regime in the USSR.

The move to Canada was in full swing. From Moscow through to Letland & a ship to Danzig Germany. No one got sick while on board ship except Nick, he contracted a lung inflammation & got quite ill. While in Danzig Germany, the had to give up their Russian Citizen ship papers. (wonder how Mom & Dad felt about that?) probably a bit late to think about that, or to change their mind, by now. While in Danzig, with a bit of time on their hands,they all went to see the town & so relieved that everything was going their way except that Nick was a bit sick. They were wondering how the authorities would act toward bringing a sick child on board, however, Dad had him wrapped up in a blanket & was carrying him as though there was nothing wrong with him. The problem arouse when they were being checked for contraband, but Dad most have put on his most content look on his face & all went well.

While getting ready to board the train from Danzig through Germany, they most have felt relieved when the conductor finally called for all aboard. (eintriegen)Unfortunately their problems were far from over with Nick being so sick.

In England they had a 4 day stop over to board the ship Matrburn which would take them to Canada. Dad did not think they would be allowed to board but said " God was with them!" and found a way. He had Nick wrapped in this warm blanket and everyone again was being searched before boarding the ship, and from what I gathered, the Immigration personnel were getting a bit frustrated with having to check so many papers, but as luck would have it, one of them was having a problem with papers that were not quite in order, so the other officials were waving everyone on & all went well. (a praise item.) To their dismay, Nick was taking a turn for the worse & Mother had

to take him to the ships Hospital, where they were well taken care of. The food on board ship was quite good , but were only able to eat for the first few days, when most everyone got sea sick & all people wanted to do was lay around. Mother with Nick in the hospital & Dad with the rest of the brood all sick! Weeeeeeeeee, what a picnic that most have been. From what I understand, Jacob & Helen were not too sick, so Dad only had to contend with a mear 6 of us. (peace of cake) wouldn't you say?

Somewhere on board ship Dad met a Jewish person, that he could talk with and understand. The conversation turned to everyone getting sea sick, when he was told, by his Jewish friend, to buy some salt water fish, that would relieve the situation, which he did, & things took a turn for the better.

After a week on the high seas, they were coming closer to Canada & one day a cry came out. Land! Land! Which turned out to be Newfoundland.

Must make a mention of this! There apparently was some delay in England during the boarding procedure . Some people supposedly had passed a bit of money under the table, so as to be the first to get on board ship. The rest were standing in wait, to see if there was room for them, after the bribers were ushered on. Passing a bit under the table in those days was called a bribe, but today has gotten a bit more refined & is now called "Lobbying " Sounds a bit more refined , ah?

On the 3rd of September 1926 we arrived in Canada. What a relief that must have been to everyone but me. I was 2 years old & supposedly couldn't have cared less as to where we were, or were going. As long as I had food, and some one to look after me. If something went wrong, all I had to do was holler, MOM and things would be taken care of. Another Peace of cake, wouldn't you say?

We had been on the move since July 25 or 26, when we left Geogsthal Russia. I often have & still do, think about Mom and Dad undertaking such a move with 9 children. What faith in the almighty they must have had & all for the sake of a life for freedom of religion for them and their children. They must have been determined not to have Atheism catch hold in the minds of their children & for that I will always be thankful to them.

So here we were in Quebec Canada. Mother & Nick had to be admitted to the hospital, which turned out to be a 5 week stay. Hear is

Dad with the rest of the brood looking ahead to a 2 day train ride to Wpg. Guess they did not have dinning cars in those days, if they had, Dad would probably have been in the poor house by the end of the trip with 8 of us eating in the diner. Being a true Mennonite, that would have been considered an unnecessary extravagance anyway.

In preparation for the train ride to Wpg. Dad stopped at the closest grocery store to buy food for the journey, but to his dismay, when he reached into his vest for his wallet, it was not there. It seamed that in those days, everyone wore a vest, where the billfold was kept. With a quick check in the rest of his pockets, beads of perspiration & fear overtook him! Another quick check, but to no avail, it was not there. How could this be? Enough to give a man hart failure. From what I understand, he was at wits end but a friend of his tried to calm him down. Now listen , sit down and try to remember when you last took out your billfold! Go back to your belongings, and I am sure you will find it. That turned out not to be the case. It was not to be found!

The first stop the train made. Dad came across a neighbor friend of his from Russia, & told him his tragic story. The neighbor in turn told him a similar story about his Brother. The same thing had happened to him ,but he had left his billfold on the check out counter in a grocery store, where some one picked it up & forwarded it to Wpg. A great help that was to Dad. His mood must have been at the bottom of the scale. With most of his worldly wealth gone, his friends story was of little consolation to him at this point.

As the hours passed, a man by the name of Sawatsky came to investigate Dads plight! He in turn relayed the story on to the train conductor, who phoned back to Quebec & also to Wpg. Nothing was found! From what I could make out of Dads diary, that train ride to Wpg. Was the lowest of low points in his life, and the scenery was not any better. All he saw was hills & rocks according to his explanation, however, the closer we got to Wpg. There was an improvement in the scenery but his thoughts were far from the scenery.

In Wpg. A Holdeman by the name of Weibe took him to the bank where the Manager questioned him about his situation & landed up writing to Letland & Russia where one of his checks supposedly had been written & after some time did receive some of his money, but his cash never was returned to him. Of interest would be that he was charged a full \$2.00 for services rendered. Is there a banker around to

to hear this?

We landed at the Immigration House in Wpg. Dad with a few bucks left and 8 hungry kids to feed. Fortunately his Brother Isaac was there to greet us and a great reunion took place, not to mention the few dollars Dad was fingering in his pocket. With Brotherly love, Isaac gave him \$15.00 to buy food for us all. We were now in the land of opportunity and freedom of speech and religion. Would loved to have picked Dads mind to see in which direction it was leaning!

In Wpg. There was a Farmers Board in operation for any one who was interested in buying. It seamed that there were farms to be had, for very little down at this time. A man by the name of Peter Lowen (a Mennonite) from the Farmers Board that took Dad around to the different farms that were for sale. He landed up buying one from a J. Lowen, with a new house. The barn was constructed of logs, with a new roof, the land consisted of a $\frac{1}{4}$ section (160 acres) 3 horses, 7 cows, and 10 chickens. We all moved onto the farm after spending 2 wks, at the Immigration house in Wpg. I am sure Dad designated work & chores for all who were old enough to help.

This was the beginning of October & in that part of the country, people were getting ready for winter. Dad must have been relieved to have gotten his family in for the winter.

The farm we were on, apparently was not to his liking. In the spring of 1937 he bought a farm in Grunthal (the southern part of Manitoba) for \$350.00. The place had 360 acres of land. About 120 acres of it was under cultivation . The rest was wooded & open area. Six horses, 12 cows, a nice two story house & summer kitchen that was used for cooking during the warm days of summer & also in the fall during harvest time. The barn was huge with a great hay loft on one end. From what I recollect, it could hold some 8 horses, 20 cows, a few hogs & calves and also a loft over itself for hay, straw or silo feed. There was also a chicken barn that could hold some 100 chickens. A great yard between the buildings & behind the barn stood an old steam engine and thrashing machine of which both, had seen its better days, and were put there for the duration. There were apple & plum trees behind the house & summer kitchen. Must also mention that the out house was a 2 hole'r. On the far corner of the yard was another building & blacksmith shop. There were people living in it but don't know if they owned the place, or rented it from us. Be that as it may. Dad & Mom became good friends with them & will get mentioned a bit later on.

The farm also had a large garden, were I so well remember, the great water melons we used to grow. American people don't seem to believe that water melons would grow up in the Canadian tundra! When the melons would get to a good size, Dad would start checking them to see if they were ready for consumption by cutting a diamond shaped V out of the face of the melon. If not ripe enough, he would put the V back into its place without any harm or decay.

The farm was ideally located. There was a school on the west side of the garden. A bit further on was a grocery store called the Red & White Store which also housed the Post Office. A fairly large Creamery next to the school that supplied the water for our skating rink during the winter. "None skating people were not really declared Canadians!" I don't think! The skating rink was situated next to the school and we all seemed to spend our recesses there. How well do I remember how the teacher would come out to shoo us back into school. That only happened a few times. The rink would go off limits if we did not comply. That of course was not to happen. Church services were held in school.

Our teacher was a Mennonite by the name of Heindreichs. Bit of a (Simen-la-gree) but fair in most ways. It seems he was some shirt tail relative to us some 3 or 4 times removed. Our schooling in English got started. Government regulations required that English was to be taught from 9 am, to 3 pm. An agreement was reached among the Mennonites for the children to start school at 8 am, to 4 pm, which gave us an hour of German in the morning & another hour in the after noon, which seemed great to me & would have to be, weather we objected or not!

At home we spoke low German (a kind of Dutch) in church the teaching was in high German & school of course was English with that extra hour of German in the am & pm. A nice round robin.

Being a little shaver, I thought life was great. Devoted parents that had nothing but our best interests in mind, a huge yard to play in, all the buildings to explore, seemed like I was on top of the world, which I guess I was. Not a care in the world. Those were memorable days!

So here we were, in an English speaking Country which was new to all of us. I mentioned the beginning of our schooling. Mom & Dad were in the same dilemma. They went to night school but had a hard time catching on to the language. They would come home from their classes & talk about what they had learned like " The little red hen said!" Which came out like, " Dey little red hen zaid." Dad seemed to get a little better grasp of English, but Mother seemed to have a hard time of it. Both really never got real fluent, but enough to get by. Another bit of the English language we used to tease Dad with was a conversation we overheard with an English speaking man. Not caring too much about the Canadian winters which he was trying to say & came out like "Der ist kommen die winter & I dot no like. He would get back at us with some Russian saying & asked us to repeat it & it would be he, that was doing the snickering after our try at that one .

What to me made life so great was that the school had a great supply of skates. We would all scramble to find our size & off we would go.

As hard as we tried to please our Parents, things did happen even with the best of intentions. Of course, it would happen to me. Like we did most every day, go skating next door & as luck would have it ,or not,when we got through skating. I could not find my shoes & coming home without shoes , there would be a (what for to pay.) Our folks always taught us to pray for our well being & that of others. This would be the time for me to pray for myself. We just could not find my shoes & did not relish the thought of coming home without my shoes. This would be a good time to pray for God to help me find my shoes. I never prayed so hard in my life then I did for that pair of shoes to show up. As God, or luck, would have it, we did find them & what a relief that was. I was 5 years old & cant you just see me down on my knees praying for those shoes? It was something that I remember to this day.

We, I am sure, were not rich, nor as poor as Mom and Dad would have us believe, and to have to buy another pair would not put us under the poverty level. Another thought, there were 9 of us & if everyone of us lost their shoes?

Life on this BIG FARM,(my thinking) was just beginning for me. There were so many things to explore & do, seemed like no end to it. We would crawl into the boiler in the steam engine that was parked in the back yard, or get on top and grab the steering wheel and make like driving it. There was a lever to pull for an imaginary whistle, The

thrashing machine had so many crawl spaces & we would get stock in them, if mother would have ever known the times we did get stock in them, she would sourly put an end to our little escapades.

The acreage of the farm was layed out in $\frac{1}{4}$ sec's and the farthest one was the cultivation $\frac{1}{4}$ sec. Dad would come home & say that he had seen a bear. One time he came home with an owl that was sick, we all nursed the thing till it got well enough to fly away on it's own.

The thrill of the harvest was when the big thrashing machine came onto the yard & all the men with their hay racks loaded with sheaves piled them into the thrasher. It would just stand there & rumble. Out of the back end would come the straw, out of a side port would come the grain & the men would speculate the yield, (bushels per acre.)

While the harvest was being done there was always a large tub of cold water loaded with water melons for anyone to take a bight if time permitted. Dad would go into the garden days ahead of the harvest to check & pick out the melons that were best suited for consumption. I still get goose bumps when I think of the thrill of those times.

We became good friends with the Gunthers who owned the Red & white store. Dad would go and play chess with Mr. Gunther till the wee hours of the nite. I believe there were 5 boys in the family. Brother Jack & I chummed around with 2 of them. They owned 1 cow that they kept for milk & was allowed to graze in our pasture. In the harvest after the grain was cut, we would herd the cows onto the stubble field. The Gunthers cow was also allowed onto the field together with ours, (Some 25 head,) Jack & I would have to take turns every other day to see that they did not go astray.

One of the Gunther boys would also come with us & the thrill of that was that, they would bring candy or chocolate with them that was taken from the store, (with the left hand.) & hid under a big rock on the way to the pasture. M,mmm. They were good even though ill begotten.

Every day the cows would have to be brought in for milking and were required to come through a gate. Brother Abe would get on the riding horse & herd them in through this gate. Tragedy stuck, when one day the bull decided not to let Abe & the horse through the gate. Abe I guess never thought anything of it, so went closer to the bull & was about to give the bull nudge, (The bull having long horns) turned around & charged the horse & ripped open the belly of the horse. With part of the intestines hanging out Abe came riding unto the yard.

Dad called the black smith who came running & together they sowed the horse up. The black smith was determined to see to it that the bull would never have the opportunity to do that again to anyone. They rounded up the bull, tied him down & with a regular saw, cut his horns off close to his head, he said , " that will fix you." The horse died a few days after. Such was life on the farm in those days !

The school was a one room building, its structure was of a specially made cement block which was quite popular in those days it seamed. A distance from the school,facing the entrance,they constructed a slide some 15 ft high, the slide down would get iced, we would walk up & come plummeting down when the bell rang. The winters seem to produce

an abundance of snow. Some of the boys would make parachutes & jump down the side which of course just buried them in snow below.

We did get into a bit of trouble in school every ones in a while. With 5 or 6 of us in the same room it seemed that no one could keep a secret so that our parents would not find out. When they did find out that we had been knotty the (what for,) was worse from them then having to come up in front of the class to get reprimanded .If you do not come from a large family, you have no idea what its like! Some one would always squeal on you , so it was best that you kept out of trouble. The down side of a large family!

Some time in the early 1930's, Dad bought a Model T Ford for 450.00. The choice of any color was black. It had glass all around & was called a glass car. Folks must have made a few shekels some where for it seemed to be one of the first in the community. Does any one realize the Model T had an automatic trains? You'd push the pedal down to get started in low gear & after a bit,when you got rolling,you would let up & you were on your way! The car was not used much in the winter although ones in a while a jaunt would be taken to Wpg. Some 45 mile distance. To get this thing started,Abe & Dad would go at it with a horse & pull it round & round the yard till it would kick in & every one going with better be ready to clime aboard and they would be off. It just seemed that life always held something new for me.

After a few years the body of this T was removed,(for what ever reason) I do not know. With chassis and steering wheel in tack, the neighbor's boy's would come and all of us would push it up a bit of a knoll in the road & rumble down at a break neck speed.

Some where in the 1930's the community moved a huge house across the road from us which got remodeled in to a church house. Never saw such a big house moved before ,also new to me was , it was that church where I first saw a dead body in a coffin which kinda stuck with me for a while. Oh how life was starting to progress & I was tacking it all in.

The Browns on the other side of the school had a Transfer business & where considered in the chip's. They had electricity in there house & garage which was a rarity in those day's.

It was a costume in those day's that the night before a wedding the young folk's would put on a play depicting a time in Russia during the revolution when the Red& the White armies would clash and to watch the young folk's perform was quite the thing to see.

Christmas was a high light of the year when everyone would be at home. The wonderment of what would be under the tree was indescribable. We would ask Mom & Dad what we were getting for Christmas & they in turn would describe it in length & width. We were gaining an advantage on the folk's with our English. They would talk in Russian if they did not want us to understand what they were saying, in turn we would talk a bit fast in English so then they could not understand us. Sometimes I wondered if anything was understandable . The programs that were put on in school & church were so exiting we could hardly contain ourselves. The christmas tree's in those day's were lit with candles so that when they were lit, someone would have to watch on both sides of the tree so the candles would not start a fire. Dad seemed to always be one of the men watching the tree. Oh the excitement of it all.

During the depression year's things started loosing there value & the farm apparently was hardly producing enough to live on, what with having to pay off the mortgage, so Dad & a few of his friends were looking for cheaper land which they apparently found in McCreary, Manitoba for a \$1.00 an acre, so the plan was to move which would require some planning. Dad with a Mr. Weins, Mr. Coop, & Mr. Durksen had scouted out the McCreary area for land and plan's were formulated & agreed on to making the move to the north, some 200 miles n/w of Wpg. To acquire a bit of cash a lot of the cattle,horses, sheep, hog's, chickens & implement's would have to be sold & the answer to that was to have an auction. It was the time of the depression & the auction did not generate too much loot.

A good milking cow went for about \$8.00, a 100 lb. Hog would bring in 50 cts. How's that for enriching you total wealth?

In the fall of 1934 the farm was bought by a Lowen family, they were a family of girls & moved in with us for the winter, horses, cattle & all. The girls had to do the chores together with us. Some friction developed between the two families, something about the girls feeding their cattle from our feed bin, which apparently did not sit well with Dad. In the early spring we moved out to Some Henry Unger property that was standing empty & had some buildings on it. We stayed there for a month or two before we made the move to McCreary.

My Brother Isaac was born in 1928 on the farm in Grunthal and were all asked to stay at the Black Smith's for the night, kept a close watch for a stork, but never saw one. That made an even 5 boys & 5 girls in the Janzen family.

I do not remember much of my first 5 to 6 years, (kinda natural for even me,I suppose!) but I do remember being lade down some were with a round window on the way over which was verified by my parents & also recall picking up fruit tost out to us while at the Immigration house in Wpg. & also verified by Mom&Dad, so I guess I did have a bit of mater between the ears even at that age however, there seams to be a blank till I was about 6 and from there on its been just, go,go, go, and to me it was going good.

Our move to McCreary (some 200.) miles was a high light of the year, but then, I had so many of them. Don't really know who's car & trailer we rented for the journey but there were some 15 of us & without paved roads, turned out to be quite an experience. By the way, this trailer behind the car was only a 2 wheeler which mad for a bit of jousting together with some 4 flat tires. All seamed to be part of a journey in those days. There was no such thing as stopping in Restaurants, A picnic along side of the road,did the trick though.

We made it by the end of the day & stopped at a house some 5 miles east of McCreay, Quite an undertaking on the Parents part alltho we all thought the day had been a great one, not to mention all the country side we had seen, When my mind wanders back to those days I keep thinking how great it was, all we had to do was call Mom,if something went wrong & everything would get taken care of. Im sure they must have been thinking & looking for some time off from the brood,

Having landed in McCreary with no land under cultivation and a bleak outlook. The house we were in only had one room and when it rained we would bring out every pot and pan we owned to catch the water, for the roof leaked every where.

My Brother Abe. Was on the freight train with the cattle, horses and farm equipment which had arrived in town, a 5 mile walk. After loading all our worldly wealth onto the wagon, and back to that leaking house. That first year was a wet one, so as not to make our start too easy.

This house that we stayed in was a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the land our folks had purchased. The surrounding area we were in had very little land under cultivation however, there was a bit of cultivated land just across the road, and arrangements were made to put in a garden. That of course was our main goal, so as to raise enough vegetables for the coming winter.(Our main concern.) This putting in a garden had some drawbacks, for the mosquitoes were about to eat you alive. You talk about mosquitoes, never in my life had I seen them as big and ferocious! Story was, that if you happen to run over one of them with your wagon, could possibly get upset! A bit far fetched, but will say , they were big!

Having put in a garden, of course need some tending and hoeing to keep the weeds at bay. That turned out to be a job for the hardy. Smoking of course was forbidden, but seemed the only way to keep them from eating you alive. Jake and I would get hold of some Sears catalogue paper, pick some soft bark from a tree, roll it into a cigarette and puff away to keep those beasts at bay. Poor Mother was not in agreement with this, but succumbed to trying a puff, for they were so very bad. The puff on that cigarette was to her regret, for we teased her unmercifully about being a smoker.

One of the first purchases we made in town was to get netting, to drape over our hat, cap or what ever you were wearing, to keep you away from those pests. That was a way of life, out in those sticks.

With the garden in, Dad was on a prowl for lumber to build a house before winter would set in, which was sure to come, and winters they were. The amount of snow we had was a delight for us kids, but did not seem to have that same effect on our parents. That first winter of course would have to be the one to remember for years to come. How could we kids be so fortunate in having all this snow! Mom and Dad did not seem to share all our enthusiasm . We had snow drifts so high, that we would

have to lay down on our sled to make it under the telephone wires.

We lived some 12 miles east of the riding mountain national park, and at the foot of the hills was a saw mill, that produced the lumber that was used for construction . \$15.00 for a 1000 ft. of lumber and an extra \$3.50 to have it planed to make siding for the house. If my readers have a problem with these prices, they are authentic, and are quoted from a diary that my Father kept during his life time.

With everyone pitching in we got the house up before winter set in, also a structure for the horses & cattle. Mind you this was wild country, in those days, an kind of even mix of woods, grass and swamps where pete moss could burn under the snow all winter long, and a lot of it did.

This $\frac{1}{4}$ section we purchased for \$1.00 an acre was a big \$5.00 down and the rest to be paid in installments. The country was wide open & cattle had free range but they, had to be brought in at the end of the day for milking witch presented a bit of a problem at times. We would get on a horse and track them down & sometimes took a while. Sounds like a bit if a struggle but everything was taken in stride as though this was all part of life, which of course it was .

In 1940 we build a big barn, hip roof an all, with a great hay loft. It was built from seasoned pine trees. A fire had gone through some property at the foot of the mountain and the trunks of the pines were left standing without the bark on them & great candidates for use just the way they were. We purchased enough to build the barn at 25c. a piece.

Cut them down and hauled them home, a twelve mile jonta each way.

Brother Abe took a freight out west & worked there all summer to make some extra money, (Which was in bad need.) Dad, Jake & I went to work and started laying the foundation for the barn but, construction came to a screeching halt when we could not agree on the formula to use for the cement mixture. With level heads ,we did get things resolved & construction continued after an afternoon of debate. Dad had a good grasp for building & lay d out the pattern for the angle of the hip roof and things progressed quite well. When all was done & looked back at this marvel that we had put up with our own hands, we were quite proud of our accomplishment to say the least. Matter of fact, it is still standing & in use.

Many Mennonite families had moved into the neighboring, land & construction could be seen every where. With in a few years the east

side of town was really coming alive. Land was being put under cultivation & things seemed to prosper. Church services were being held in homes, mostly at the Peter Weinses who was also a carpenter that would supply the windows for most of the buildings that were being put up at the time. Every one would gather at the church on Sunday morning. What ever was being planned for the rest of the day would be formulated after church services like playing ball or just hanging out some where. In between this hanging out in the afternoon we would have to go home and do the chores & then go back to what ever was planned for the evening which made for a bit of walking but who cared, we were having fun & enjoying life. Guitars & mouth organs would get a work out in these get togethers. With out coming to church you would not know where every one was, no one had a phone. A good way of being inspired to come to church!

WW2 broke out in 1939 & things started changing & conscription seem to change every thing. My thought was that it would all be over by the time I would become of age, how wrong I was!

My sister Annie got married to a Paul Rogalsky in 1941. This big barn that we had constructed had not seen any hay or straw in the loft at this time. So we built stairs leading to the loft where the wedding service would be held. This wedding was the talk of the neighborhood for days to come & things started happening. We were good friends with the Baerg boys, (there were 7 of them,) they were also the first to have a car.

(1936 Ford.) Jake & I had been stashing away a bit of loot with anticipating of getting one too. The story of my life would not be complete with out mentioning the way it came about of owning a car.

Brother Jake was out helping the harvest in Starbuck, Abe was working some where around Sanford. Me? I was holding down the fort at home. The plan was to meet in Wpg. On a saturday. Wanting a good car, Dad even sold a load of grain & gave us some money toward a car. The plan was for me to hitch hick to wpg. On friday, meet in wpg. On Saturday morn. Buy this car, pick Abe up in Sanford & drive home that same day, well! That was good planning, but that certainly did not turn out as planned. So far so good, we met up in Wpg. At a Friesen garage & bought this car. A 1936 Ford, dark blue 4 door, and what a beauty it was.

Jake decided that he was the older of us two (by some 2 yrs.) and

would be first to take the wheel, which he did, and we were on our way to pick Abe. up in Sanford. We were tooling down this gravel road, some 45 per. Brother Jake behind the wheel, Abe. in the passengers seat. Me? I'm in the back seat admiring this beauty. It had rained the day before. The road we were on , had a few ruts. I felt the car sway a bit, which I mentioned to Jake. With just having said that, we rolled over twice and landed in the ditch on all four wheels. Jakes leg seamed to be wrapped around the steering shaft, but nothing bad! Abe . is sitting there, worried about a tear he got in his new suit. (Ike-Gevalt) what a time to be worrying about a little tear in his lousy suit. Our beautiful shining car had everything bent up. The gear shift was in neutral and the engine was still running. Now what? There was mud every where you looked. Jake spied a farmer working his field with a tractor near by, and would go over to ask him to pull us out of the ditch.

No such luck. The farmer was too busy and would not help us out! He had mentioned something about, silly kids and your cars! We would have to put our heads together, and figure out a way to the car out of the ditch. With a bit of luck (besides all our wow's) a car full of boy's stopped to goggle at our dilemma. They all put shoulder to car and got our car out of the ditch. The car still seamed in running order but, who would we go for help at this time of evening? Our most friendly and compassionate Brother In Law would be George Martens, some 35 miles toward Starbuck. So we took off, but the car had some malfunction in the steering system, which only allowed us to go some 20 miles per. It was a gorgeous moon lit night, but was not to be enjoyed at this time, with all the mud on our bent up car. I did shed at tear or two! We finely pulled unto George Martens yard. After a lot of pounding on the door, George woke up, to look at us, with some suspicion, till he saw our car.

What are you doing here? You are supposed to be home by now. He was aware of us buying a car in Wpg. and what our plans were. But , oh my gosh, what did you do to you car? Do we have to answer ?

George sympathized with us, and new of a bodyshop to take it to in Wpg. monday morning. The shop promised to have it ready in a week. That was all well and good! But how will we pay for the repair?A question that needed an answer! The repairs would be \$120.00. an amount we certainly did not have. Sister Helen was working in Wpg!

We would ask her for a little loan! (actually quite a monstrous one) to which she agreed! Woo-wee, what a relief. The money was forthcoming and we took off for home, a week late! Our Parents wanted to know about the delay! Welll! We looked at so many, and could not make up our mind, as to which one to buy. (what an un-truth that was.) But held for 2 years, till Jake got into an argument with Helen one day, and she squealed on us. Just like water over the dam by that time. While the car was in the shop for the week, being repaired, Jake and I were helping the late harvesters. The \$120.00 we owed, seemed like a slow process to accumulate but did manage some how. (a bit later)

The economy seemed to be improving and prospects looked great to move along with it. The year was 1938, I had finished school (grade 8) and had great plans for the future, together with Brother Jake. By this time the farm had some acreage to harvest, and were milking some 20 cows. Life just seemed like a bed of roses and we were going places. Education was not a great priority in our family! We were all expected to continue as farmers, (or were we?) How little did we know what the future held for us.

Our plan was to accumulate some money to buy a tractor and plow , to get all this barren land under cultivation. There seemed a large demand forthcoming in this direction.

With plans all set for our future. I went to work for a man by the name of Verle, who had a big farm near Sanford, Manitoba. It was run by tractor, truck and combine. Did I know anything about power machinery? Certainly! (what a lie that was) but being as young as I was, he would explain every thing in detail as to how he wanted things done ,also how to take care and service the machinery, which made me pay close attention. Must have been fast at learning, for he used to tell his friends and neighbors, I was the sharpest farm hand he had ever had. (most have had some doozies!) He had two daughters that could drive the truck, and would help during harvest, by hauling the grain to the elevator in town, from wherever I would be combining. The problem was, they could never get started, after being loaded with grain, to get away from the combine. Pete to the rescue of the damsels, and would drop that thing in bull low to get the truck to more solid ground and they would take over from there. We all agreed to not tell Dad about their short comings! (a secret we kept) Mr. Verle was a member of the local government council and not around very often.

I worked from sun up to sun down, but enjoyed every minute. I also helped Mr. Verle build a barn. We had help with the foundation and the electrical part, but did most everything else on our own. He would boast to his friends and say that my hired hand Pete and I built that barn. I liked the man and came away with a good understanding about farming with power machinery. To my surprise, he gave me a bonus at the end of the season, for work well done, as he put it, and just made my day.

With the extra cash, Brother Jake and I, landed up buying a big International tractor from Verles Brother who had his farm across the street. Also bought a bid land breaking plow (24 inch) to start things rolling. Our plans were coming together quite nicely.

Jobs for breaking new land were plentiful and our dreams were starting to jell. The first job we did was for an old man. (about 40) Anyone at that age was old to us at the time, and of course, we would live forever! Be that as it may. This guy was going to see that his land would be turned over properly. The levers on the plow were set facing to the rear, where we had a plank to stand on , so as not to have to walk behind the plow all day. These were the levers that he wanted to control, why not? he was the one to foot the bill. Toward the end of the day, it seamed that he was getting a bit tired, and was depending on the levers to hold him up, when the plow hit a large rock, which threw the back of the plow into the air, and with him hanging on too much, it pulled his arms out of his shoulder sockets, and landed up taking him to the St. Rose Hospital, a 15 to 20 minute drive. They popped them back in, but needless to say, he left the adjusting to us for the rest of the job.

The Baerg boys (our friends) and a Mr. Unrow were also in the land breaking business at the time. This Unrow fellow was doing a job across the road from us, for Mr. Henry Dyck and was in a habit of leaving the plow in the furrow, at the end of the day. The Dycks and Unrow were related!The Dyck boys were always playing tricks on poor Mr. Unrow. His glasses looked like the bottom of a coke bottle, and could hardly see the hand in front of his face. The Dyck boys would take advantage of this. They dug a hole in front of the tractor and stock a boulder in, just to the height of the axle, which they covered with some brush. All set for the morning laugh.

Unrow would start the tractor in the morning, just to find his wheels digging down, but not going anywhere. What's the problem? He would

try it again, to find that his rear wheels were just digging down deeper, but still not going anywhere. By this time the Dyck boys could not contain their laughter any more, and would come out from behind the bush's, to help him out. These kind of shenanigans seemed to be going on between them. It seemed their way of keeping their lives happy, but always stayed friends. They all had a way of telling their stories of different episodes that would keep you in stitches. Their way of spicing life up a bit. The Dyck boys (men I should say) had a truck, and would be our transportation to spend a Sunday at Clear Lake.

Life is just a bowl of cherries, (like the song goes) to us, and we all seemed to prosper. To communicate with people, or do business, all you had to do, was be in town Saturday night. Everyone from miles around would be there! So who needed a phone? The one pool hall in town would be so crowded , we waited for hours for a game. None of this Saturday night, being the loneliest night of the week around McCreary.

Some time in the 40's a few model T cars pulled onto our yard, loaded with Indians and asked for permission to use our well water to wash their seneca roots they had been digging to sell in town. Dad agreed to that, so they set up a few tents and dig these roots all week long for a blast of fire water in town Saturday night. Every Sat. night they would get drunk, and start the week all over again, with the same results Saturday night.

This going into town every Sat. night did not sit well with our Parents. Nothing good can come out of hanging around town every every saturday! Was their comment. We were put on curfew, to be home by 11.30 to which we did comply. It seemed we were always together with the Baerg boys, and would pull into the yard on time , but sit and talk till the wee hours of the morning. Where have you been? Coming in at such an hour in the morning? We were just sitting in the cars talking! They could never understand, how we could sit and talk for hours on end.

We bided our time, and reprimanded them severely one Sunday, while they were out visiting friends on a cold winters night. It was 2 in the morning when they finally showed up. We all chimed in with, What's this coming home at 2 in the morning? We were worried sick, not knowing what could have happened to you! Their reply? " It was so dark out. We waited for the moon to come out , so we could see !" Yes? A likely story, I suppose! Big Families have a lot of interesting fun

when they all have at least, an average sense of humor.

My story would be amiss, if I did not tell you about the time my Dad wanted to learn how to drive our car. We warned him that it would be quite different then the model T. he had in Grunthal, also, that the steering ratio would require a bit more movement then what he was used to.

We started the car for him and the idea was for him to take a few turns around the yard. The first one was quite well executed . The next one brought him a bit close to some calves lying together and must have got him too excited, for he landed right on top of them. That was not a good start. He froze at the wheel, and had to get him out of the car. That seemed to do it for him, for he never wanted to make another attempt at driving. He claimed there was definitely some thing wrong with the steering gears, and quite content to take the back seat from then on. I landed up backing the car up to see what had happened to the calves. As luck would have it. A few of them had jumped aside, but the two that were left under the car just got up and left. Wow, that was a bit scary,

They say that times goes fast, when your having fun, and we seamed to be having our share.

It was September of 1942. The war that we all thought would be over by the time we would become of age to be recruited, seamed to be in full swing. It was not a matter of if, we would get our conscription papers, but rather, when. The Elders of the Mennonite Church apparently had come to an agreement with the Canadian Government that would allow the Mennonite youth to help the war effort, by serving as conscientious objectors in hospitals or, stretcher bearers. This agreement goes way back to the days the Mennonites insisted on, before agreeing to Immigrate to Canada. That was one of the first concerns of our Elders, that our youth would not be forest to bear arms, in case of war. The religious concerns of the Mennonite people as a whole, is what I am so thankful for, and proud to be one.

Bill Baerg being a year older then me, we both decided to enlist in the Army. Our chances, it seemed, were better to enlist as conscientious objectors, and work in a Hospital, instead of waiting to be conscripted and have to go where the Army sent you. So, having made up our minds to enlist, off we went to the Osbourne Barracks in Winnipeg. That's where it all got started. We were very courteously greeted and

transported to different places for our recruitment. Every day a staff car would come to pick us up from the boarding house we were staying. This seemed like, the royal treatment, we were getting. After 3 days of being picked, prodded and asked to cough, with head to the left and right, Bill Baerg came up with a pink slip and allowed to go home. A murmur in his heart made him ineligible for the armed forces. Me? I was sent to the Quartermaster for army issue of clothes and boots.

As of this writing, Bill is still around, as a healthy specimen of humanity, and, from what I hear, is enjoying life to the fullest. He must have been breathing in, when he should have been breathing out. Why did I not think of that. He was a year older than I. A momentous change of life was about to take place in my future, and got started in a mind boggling way. A psychologist would have had some real analyzing on his hands, to come up with an analysis of my thoughts at the time.

The indoctrination was well handled in all respects and landed up with a duffle full of army clothes. To my surprise, the fit of uniforms and all related clothing, was quite pleasing to me. Must have been the average human, to have them come so close to looking tailor made. I don't know what I did with my civilian clothes, but most likely sent them home. I was now a member, of the Royal Canadian Army, and quite proud of the fact that I was helping the countries war effort, in my own way and belief.

Life In The Army!

Your in the army now , "Your not behind the plow." was the start of things to come & believe me when I say." Life has taken on an entirely different meaning." In civilian life you decide what it is that you want to do & go and do it. In the army everything is done as a team work. You are a little cog in a big wheel. In the beginning you are told what to do

and do it to the best of your ability. There is no such thing as a " none conformist," if you are, you would have a tough time of it. Everything starts on the parade grounds. No one ever gets there on time, so you stand & wait, when they finally do , you get lined up for what ever it is that is going to take place. After preliminary instructions come the final ones & your off on a march. When I give the command, every one will start off on the right foot, OK! Now " By the left, quick march, left right, left right, left right and so on. Say you there with the wrong foot. You are not in step, so platoon halt ! Everyone stops till the Sarg. Instructed him how to stay in step with the rest. That some times can be a while. This will go on till every one is in step. When you finally reach that point, the army has accomplished their goal. " Team Work!" It all boils down to this. The Army does not care how you used to do things. They will teach you to do things their way, & it is best that you conform to that, and will do it in the least time possible.

We were a holding unit in Wpg. & waiting for the whole unit to get completed. With the platoon complete we were transported to Peterboro , Ontario, to form a complete Regiment. Most all of the platoon were Mennonite boys, and we were all just boys, 19 & 20 year olds.

In Peterboro we were really instructed to conform to what was being said. To do otherwise could get you on KP (kitchen Patrol.) which was not a very pleasant consignment. We were instructed in self defense which I really enjoyed . Troops all around us were all wearing rifles, we were a none combat unit so there was none of that. Self defense was quite cosentrated & enjoyed every day of it. I felt quite comfortable, knowing all the SOFT SPOTS, in the human body that could pot a man out for a bit with very little effort.

Our unit was getting ready to ship out. Where, on one never new till you had arrived at your destination. To my sorrow, not feeling too well but did not want to report to sick bay, so just grin & bear it, which

I did and found out latter that I had a case of then mumps.

Like I say, everything always starts on the parade square and at 0400 hrs. every one out on the parade square in full dress which meant every thing you own, which consisted of 2 duffle bags, with all our uniforms neatly packed away, (some not so neat!) ready for what ever. Hurry it up!! hurry it up!! Every one has to be checked out & equipment checked over, any thing hanging out of the duffle bag would have to pull every thin out & made to start over. By 0600 hrs everyone was ready to be loaded unto the truck. Anyone know were we are going? (Top Secret.) you know! No one ever knew were we were going! Sorry ! Just a drill to see how fast every one could be ready at any notice. Grrrr! The language being used could not be repeated, at least not it this book !

Being strapped for money, a few of us would take on an evening job for some extra spending money at the local Kellogg Plant, handling 95 lbs. Bags of grain . The money came in very handy., as i was having 50% of my salary sent home. If you could call Army wages a salary.

Trying to build a nest egg for the time this war would end.

The next order was for real & we landed up in Camp Borden, Ont. This was huge & gave you the feeling you were getting closer to the real thing. There was Army where ever you looked, tanks, troops , guns & Army personnel to no end. Our nursing training got into full swing. With all the medical jargon being thrown at you, I thought to my self, Janzen, if you are ever going to amount to anything in this mans Army, you are going to have to do something about your education & proceeded to inquire about High school lessons. The Army has everything available if you are willing, and they do it in a very concentrated way. High School could be done in 2 yrs. Which I did & really paid off for me later on. Very few of the boys had a high School education, so it was a plus for me!

A quick order march to the ware house for some Army issue of whites was in order. (pants & shirts.) was the dress code. Must mention that I was never a great morning person but it the Army the first thing in the morning every one headed for the ablution room to S---- shower, shave & shampoo & get dressed for the day. Head for breakfast & ready at 8 am. For classes. The nurses that were training us were ranked any were from Leutnants , Captains, Majors & Colonels. The medical jargon started in a very serious way.

I new I was in for some heavy studying with my school & nursing books under my arms I got started & never looked back. Believe me when I say that I never studied so hard in my life. Lets go out & have some fun Pete! Sorry, " but I have some studying to do seemed to be echoing through my mind. " I was motivated in so many ways & the challenge of it all seemed a mere step to over come. The diversion of the 2 classes tore me into 2 different worlds at the same time. The day comes after a night & night after the day but seemed so far apart .

The day arrived & we were all in the class room, "what a sight!" A room full of white angels & all facing the front of the room were 2 Nurses , with such crisp head dress & uniforms appeared to get us started on preparing us to help save the lives of the ones that were doing the fighting up in the front line.

May be a little superfluous, but would like to give you an idea of what they were trying to train us in knowing every thing about a human body & be able to save as many lives, should that challenge present its self. This was the beginning,

Principles of nursing,
Anatomy of skin,
Bacteria,
Viruses & how spread,
The skeletal system,
Upper arm,
Wrist,
Palm,
Fingers,
Thigh,
Both lower limbs,
(All 206 of them.)

Muscles
Ligaments,
Diaphragm,
Abd. Cavity,
Vertebra, (all 33 of them.)
Bandaging of all bones,
circulatory system,
Blood & types,
Elementary canal,
Urinary system,
Pre-operative care,
Post - operative care&
(Observation.)

Care Of Body After Death.

\ Besides all this, we had numerous lectures on Venereal diseases. Like Gonorrhea Sniffles & the bacterial inflammatory diseases of the genital tract, how it is spread & also what precaution to take on how to prevent it. Emphasis was on people that were sexually active & to report any symptoms as soon as possible for treatment. Being all men, (boys would

be a better description.) the M.O. (Medical Officer.) would stress the importance of reporting any discharge from the penis. Here is where the class erupted. This one individual being very concerned about his health, approached the (M.O.) by telling him that he had a discharge one morning. The M.O.s question was! "How many woman have you been out with?" I Sir. Have never been out with any women! The M.O. Put an arm around his shoulder & said. " Son, you have nothing to be worried about. " Spent a few minutes with him to assure him. O could go on and on about the question & answer sessions but that would be another story!

This was all being crammed into us in 4 months & expected know it all at the end, or you could find yourself as a stretcher bearer on the front lines which was an option to avoid at all cost!

The boys in this class were not all Mennonites & we had some real characters. Interesting& uninteresting! This one fellow was from Arabia & quite a bit older then the rest of us. Camp Borden was some 90 miles from Toronto & had his horses run at the Toronto race track. He used to sneak out of Camp every ones in a while, (with out leave,) and

being in the bucks ,would frequent the trains dining car for meals and was his down fall ,cause he ran into the C.O. Of our company one day who thought it was odd to see one of his soldiers on the train during the day. Checking Saba's records ,(Saba.) was his name & found that he was not on leave, so gave him 2 wks. K.P. & that meant for him to be confined to Barracks. Saba kept pulling these stunts time & time again till he finally got transferred out of our unit & last we heard of him was that he became an Officer in the Infantry & got killed on the front lines.

Another character was a fellow that just could not keep in step with any one,also older then the rest of us & did not make it through basic training. He had a walk that only a Mother could love! He had a walk like a ¼ horse& hard as the instructors tried, could not keep in step with any one & often wondered what ever happened to him.

With having completed our course we found ourselves all back on the parade square at 0600 hrs. with full dress. (Everything you owned.) Where are we going? Top Secret ! With everyone on the trucks & rumbling along most of the day, we landed up in Stratford Ontario. In an old factory building but comfy. This was what they called a holding unit which could only mean that we were waiting to be

sent over seas, but would never know till the time it would happen. While in this waiting process, there was little to do, so that we would get extra time off, more so then usual. John Hiebert, Frank Penner and I would go and see the town. This one day we stopped in a restaurant for a coffee. The waitress was quite friendly, so we were shooting the breeze with her, when to our dismay, we spotted this burly looking guy coming toward us from out of the kitchen, but quite a friendly look on his face. What could he want? He started a conversation with us, where we were from? How we were doing, and so on. It turned out that he was the Father and owned the place. The waitress was his Daughter. You could not imagine what he asked of us. He asked us to take his Daughter to a special movie that was in town. Safety in numbers, most have been in the back of his mind! Anyway, the three of us did land up taking her to the movie. We saw a nice picture, with very pleasant company, and brought her home safely. Never did find out, what ever motivated him to have us take her out!

Just to mention some of the strange humans I met during my stint in the Army! He was the keeper (Janitor) of the barracks. I am sure his IQ was leaning toward the Zero mark, and seemed deformed on top of it. How he ever got into the Army was a mystery to all, and surely was depriving some town of an idiot.

It seemed that our unit was not the only one in a holding pattern, waiting to be shipped out. We interacted with solders from other units, and mystified me to hear the language that was used in every day conversation. My vocabulary was not all that great, but seemed to be able to converse with people that (I think) had a fair idea of what I was trying to say, without using profanity.

A few weeks went by, when the orders again came at 0500 hrs. in the morning. To the parade square, on the double! This seemed to be the real thing! We were all trucked to the rail station in Toronto and boarded a train bound for Halifax. NS. Top secret of course, so we did not know where till we arrived.

A few days in Halifax, with a checking of all our gear, gave us a fair idea that our next stop would probably be some where on the other side of the pond, and right we were.

We were put on a ship called the "Andes." and zigzagged across the Atlantic for 7 days without escort, for the exception of a catalena that would check on us once a day, to see that we were still afloat. That

Zig-sagging of ships on the high seas seemed to be a deterrent for enemy submarines during the war. The crossing was quite uneventful except for the last day when all of a sudden the ships P.A. System sounded the alarm, oooga-oooga-oooga when all the swabjockies started manning their post on the anti air craft batteries & canons. This alert seemed a bit worrisome, our look had spotted a squadron of planes heading our direction & were not identifying them selves. By the time they came into eye sight it turns out they were Allied planes on maneuvers, what a relief for all! We pictured us being blown out of the water & would make for a long swim for we had not spotted land yet.

We landed on the west side of England & were quickly put on a troop train heading for the north east coast of England to a town called Witby. The trains seemed so small compared to the ones we were used to in Canada & their horn gave a little Toot-Toot instead of that mournful cry of our trains back home. The scenery looked so quaint, but beautifully.

Witby was situated by a cove on the north sea & had canons sticking out of the coves by the dozens & looked like the area was well protected for any enemy raids but things were deceiving, cause only every other one was real & the same thing happened with the British troops marching back & forth looking heavily armed with riffles, all for show, to fool the enemy, which was quite effective from what history tells us. Anti air craft guns could be spotted all along the shores, also half of them being duds.

Having landed in England , every one was anxious to send kin folk word that we had safely landed. A few of us were fortunate to have met up with a British soldier who was kind enough to explain the difference in currency, so got a good understanding of the , pound, half pound, half crown, shilling, penny, haypenny and so forth & were warned that the Post - Master in town had a tendency to over charge for a telegram to Canada & also gave us the amount a regular telegram should cost. Armed with that info. we invaded the post office & sure enough, he was going to charge us over a pound each but recanted after we confronted him with our knowledge of what the telegram should

cost! His remarks, " I most have been looking at the wrong charts."

After a week or so we were again on a troop train heading for

London. The devastation the Germans had created in London was beyond comprehension and seemed that half of the city was in ruin. Buildings after buildings were but a pile of rubble. My thoughts? How could they have survived all this?

Our troop train came to a final halt in a little town by the name of Haselmere, where the lorries (trucks) were ready to take us to our final destination. That was a large old building which had been used as a Hospital during the first world war. It was quite a complex. The hospital was laid out in a 1 ¼ mile square with 12 medical wards on the south, and 12 wards on the north, with a corridor that connected them all. On the front side were the administrative offices and the center held the kitchen. The back side held the morgue, which to my surprise, would be a place for me to frequent so often with the deceased. The grounds also contained a transport depot. Another department was surrounded with a 10 ft. high barb wire fence, where the so called " bad boys "were kept, and will be referred to at a latter time. This corridor layout was constructed so as to connect you to any department with out having to go out side. There seemed to be a great urgency to have things in operation at a certain time, which turned out to be D day, called "Over Lord." The Allied invasion, to free the world from the Axes and took place on that fateful day of June 6th 1944.

In preparation for enemy air craft, we also had under ground bunkers (air raid shelters) every 1 or 2 hundred yards apart to frequent during air raids which came in quite handy at times.

Forgetting about the war, I will give you an idea of our setting of the country surrounding the Hospital. To the east was a beautiful valley. To the south was a wee little town by the name of Liphook. (very quaint) To the west was the town of Greyshot, with all its tennis courts. The north held, what was called the "Devils punch bowl." It was a huge crater, that according to stories, was made by a falling meteor, thousands of years ago, and was, at any given time, shrouded with fog. The surrounding roads were so narrow and winding, and of course build for smaller car, but we seemed to manage.

At this point, I will give you just a smidgen for the cause of this conflict, that joined some 50 Allied Nations to do battle with the evils of Germany, Japan and other Axes powers. Few countries remained neutral!

The three main causes were!

- (1) The problems left unsolved from WW1.
 - (2) The rise of the German dictatorship.
 - (3) The desire of Germany, Italy, and Japan wanting more territory.
- Historians do not seem to agree on when WW2 got started, but mostly agreed that it all got started when Germany invaded Poland, Sept. 1st 1939. Many trace the cause back to the Versailles Treaty!

Back to our situation at hand. The Hospital was set up and ready for what ever there was to be. For the D Day invasion the British, Canadian, American, and the rest of the allies assembled close to 3 million men,, stored 16 million tons of supplies in Briton . There were 5000 large ships, 4000 small ships and landing craft,11000 air craft that took part in this invasion, over a 50 mile stretch of the English channel. Russia added a small contingent, but were in fear of Germany coming after their oil, of which they were in bad need of. We were surrounded by the Allied armada and all you could see were troops, tanks, trucks and vehicles of every description moving toward the channel. General Eisenhower was the Supreme Commander of operations. The morning the invasion started, you never heard such a rumble in all your life. The earth seemed to be shaking beneath you.

Our Hospital got formed and was called " The 22nd Royal Canadian General Hospital!"(a regimental aid post) Very shortly after the invasion got started, the convoys (loaded with patients) arrived . Everyone seemed to swing into action and what a time of action we had to endure!

Our Hospital had a capacity of some 400 patients, and was only one of many other Canadian ones , let alone all the British and American. By noon we were filled to capacity, Being a Regimental Aid Post, we would dress their wounds, operate when necessary, and get them mobile enough to send them to a more permanent Hospital. The suffering that took place, was indescribable. The ones that could walk, were sent down the corridor, with a tag, as to what ward they were to land up at. Some of them would be so exhausted, they would collapse on the way, and we would pick them up from there. They were brought in with arms, legs, ears, hands, eyes and nose shot off and out. Many of them had 1st and 2nd degree burns. My thoughts were. How could God allow something like this to happen? Of course humanity got this all started!

The patients kept rolling in with splints & warning notes all over them that the medics on the front lines had put there as to what treatment had been rendered before they were sent to us. What a marvelous job they had done! Four of us medics and two nurses were assigned to each ward & did what ever possibly we could.

John Heibert & I were a team & worked 3 days straight with out sleep till he collapsed and I shortly there after. With eight hours of sleep we were at it again. This kept up for weeks on end but were thankful that we were not one of the wounded! John lasted some two days on the second shift when he collapsed while reading a medical book to find an answer for one of the patients . Shortly there after I started loosing my concentration & more or less fell asleep standing up when the nurse pushed me into bed & through a blanket over me. Every one in the unit seemed like walking zombies, but ever thankful. How could one man (Hitler.) cause so much destruction & suffering be cause of a dream he had of building that world of his own, (The Third Reich.)

I prayed for strength to keep going & felt they were being answered and got an inner feeling of calm just kept plugging away. Looking at the clock seamed not to have any meaning. The Quarter Master Sergeant (Q.M.S.) came up to me one day and said Pt. Janzen some day you will be rewarded for you stamina & if no one else will see to it, I will!

Wonder what he's talking about? He's the one that's pushing me!

I told him at the time that," I did not need a reward for what I was doing." Relieving some one of pain & suffering was my reward! I don't think he ever forgot that but, a story that will be played out a bit later on!

In the mean time the wounded kept rolling in with seemingly no end to them. All the medical knowledge the Army had crammed into us in Canada was paying off, if they could only have accumulated some sleep that we could draw from now! I was enjoying every bit of it although looking at my actions might not have revealed that at times.

Time went by & our patient load became less & less, we were all quite relieved seem to settle down to a regular routine. Time for a bit of recreation & looking around the country side which was beautiful. The wounded that came in were being held a bit longer and given more treatment. The stories they had to tell were a bit hair raising and sad. How their buddies got whipped out & so on.

The devastation left behind on the French beaches after D Day was impossible to describe. There were tanks on fire, their turrets blown off, their tracks blown off, bodies hanging out, trucks blown up and turned over, Landing barges with their gates open, and bodies piled up high. There was personal gear strewn all over the sandy beach. Craters from bombs and ammunition blown up, boots, helmets, socks, diaries, Bibles, letters half written to loved ones and pictures of loved ones never to be seen again. Human bodies and wreckage so vast. that I can not find words to describe the catastrophe .

My energy seemed to be endless and felt so fortunate to be able to do my part in helping to relieve the suffering! If that was possible. With all this indescribable event that was taking place, the staff and personal of our unit were being stretched to the limit, to the point that every one was edgy and highly strong. With the passing of these stressful times, our casualties becoming fewer every day, we were more or less coming back to normal, and were able to go on a day pass to find relief.

Better times seemed to be ahead, and with that, John Hiebert, Frank Penner and I would go up to Edinburgh Scotland. We stayed at a large estate house, that had been converted into a bed and breakfast place. It had a huge living room, with a lovely fire place. The lady in charge would never go to bed till all of us were in for the night. She would get concerned if we stayed out too late, so we called her Mom! She would always have tea and crumpets before bed time. The beauty about the location. There was a barber shop across the street where we would get a shave to start the day. What big shots! The price was a mere shilling, which we could all manage. A nice treat!

The day we checked in, we were presented with a strange question, (We thought) when asked if we would like to be knocked up in the morning? I looked around, with only the 3 us there, mentioned the fact that we were all male, and would be a physical impossibility, would it not? She laughed it off and mentioned the fact that we Canadians were not used to their terminology, of asking to be woke up in the morning. A big laugh was had by all and passed off.

England had beautiful indoor skating rinks and nice accompanying music to go with it. We spent many enjoyable times on ice. An episode I find hard to forget, was the time I ran into an old gent that was doing some beautiful figure skating. He was twirling so gracefully when

I collided with him and we both went down on the ice. The back of his skate got caught with mine, for which we apologized, for getting too close to him and having this happen. He was not too concerned about the whole thing and every thing seemed fine, till I felt my foot getting soggy. It seemed that the back of his skate penetrated my one boot and pinched my foot. Frank Penner went to the first aid station for some dressings and alcohol to clean my foot, but came back empty handed. The girl at the aid station said that she did not trust Canadian soldiers with alcohol, for fear they would drink it. She came up herself to bandage my foot. That did not say much for the reputation of our Canadian forces.

I had a chance to play base ball for our unit and met other Canadian teams. Was also fortunate to be chosen for the hockey team that our unit formed. We were not one of the better teams, but will mention a game that we played against a Canadian Artillery team that we lost by a score like 7 to 1. A bad showing, but then we found out that two boys on their team, were from the Toronto Maple leaves. No wonder we could never find them off balance!

The town of Liphook, just a little west of the Hospital, had tennis courts that we would frequent quite often, and meet a lot of Hospital personnel to play tennis with. Those were great times, but could never get used to the language they used. The G - - D - - and J - - - - C - - - - as a way of expressing themselves. I did not feel that "Saint hood" would ever be bestowed on me. Nor did I feel like a Religious fanatic, but that kind of language did not sit well with me and my resolve was not taken to use those expressions, regardless of situation or circumstances.

My thirst for more knowledge in Medicine, got me to a point where I landed up taking an advanced course in nursing. The high point came when they brought in a human corpse to be dissected, from top to bottom, and left nothing, and most repeat, (nothing) was left to doubt.

The soldier had drowned in a pool of static water, while under the influence. Whose Son could that have been?? was in the back of my mind. The completion of the course added another \$.75 a day to my Army pay, what the Army called (trades pay) for ever thinking of getting a promotion and a prerequisite, for same, which

of course was in the back of my mind!

The bulletin board was the place to find out what was, what was not, & what was to happen for the day in the Hospital. What was to take place was on the board & there was no excuse for not knowing what was going on. Rummers had it that I was to be promoted to Corporal (CPL.) a none commissioned officer ranking. All it really meant was that a bit more was expected of you!

With rummers one day, came the notice!

Pt. Janzen to be promoted to Corporal Janzen! Cpl.)

To supersede the above!!

Cpl. Janzen to be promoted to Sergeant Janzen as of 1200 hrs. The Q.M.S. Came through on the promise he had talked about the time of our first few weeks of our opening days ! I quickly scooted over to supply quarters to get my 3 hooks as they were called & put them on my whites, for I new the Q.M.S. Would be around shortly after 1200 hrs. to check on me. Shortly after the hour he did come, around & congratulated me as a Sergeant! WOW , WEE !! What a swirling state of affairs. Two Pts. Were picked to move my belonging into the Sergeants Quarters & congratulations were given all around at the dinner table.

I don't know about other regiments , but in a Hospital regiment the Sergeants quarters were some thing to behold cause we had our own dining hall, (mess hall.) Kitchen, cooks. Bar, rec. hall, wash rooms & orderlies to look after our bed rooms & uniforms. What had I gotten myself into?

With being promoted I felt the urge for more knowledge in all faces of operation in the Hospital which resulted , (and more or less required.) in taking another course in , Electrocardiograph & Metabolism operation. Of course after completing the course there was another whopping \$.75 cts. A day added to my pay. Good grief, what would I do with all this money? Not too much of a problem!!

The first Metabolism I was scheduled to do was on a Nurse in the Hospital. The procedure was for the patient not to have anything to drink or eat after 1200 which I informed her to follow. The morning I rolled the machine in for the recording , she informed me that she had been out after 1200 & the recording would not register right. I informed her, that my orders were to take a recording & intended to follow orders. Well, it turned out that the recording did not read

right & when presented to the Captain that did the reading. He took one look at the document & ask to have the procedure scheduled for another morning which I did & forgot about it. Turns out that it was the Captain that had her out to the wee early hours of the morning. Well, such were the goings on!

An order in the Army, is something to be followed, no matter what! My duties as Sgt. Were to see that all 54 orderlies & 12 Nurses were on duty at 0800 hrs. in the morning on the Medical side of the Hospital & my office was toward the end of the hall. A log had to be kept for every thing that took place on my side & report everything out of the ordinary. My duties turned out to be quite interesting at times.

While making my rounds one morning it turns out that one orderly by the name of Aiky was not on duty and also not in the barracks. Wondering what could have happened to him? Did he go AWL? (Absent With Out Leave?) The next day I received a call from a British Hospital to say that they were treating one of our boys for cuts & bruises but he would not tell them what had happened to him. I sent an ambulance for him & brought him back. I thought it was strange to have something like this happen to him, but new that he used to hang out with a so called buddy of his who was of Indian descent. Could the two of them had a bit to much fire water? My guess was right. They had been out drinking & the Indian fellow, (his name was George Barnett.) had really gotten hammered & beat the daylight, out of his buddy Aiky. I confronted him about the seriousness of the charge but claimed he knew nothing about it, & probably didn't, for he was too far gone to remember. Went to bat for him on a promise to stop his drinking. He looked me square in the eye & said. " Sgt. I believe what you are telling me ,and if I cant go out with my best friend Aiky with out something like this happening, I WILL NEVER TAKE ANOTHER DRINK AS LONG AS I LIVE!" He got discharged some time before I did & wrote me a letter with his picture enclosed & proud to be staying dry. That really made my day & before that saying got so popular too. Aiky confided to me that George stopped drinking the day he made that promise to you! The picture George sent me was of him in his civilian cloths & he did look proud of himself.

Another bit of interest was when a nurse from Quebec kept turning out late on her ward to start the day. I mentioned to her about not being on time. She kind of dismissed the whole thing with a twist of

her head, as much as to say, what are you going to do about it? We had a cup of coffee & let it go at that!

A few days after the same thing happened again & I was there to greet her when she finally stumbled in, a bit on the tipsy side looking for a cup of black coffee. I used to carry a note pad with me, so took it out & made like I was jotting something down. She said, "what's with the note pad?" Just jotting down your second day of tardiness! Well, she told me in no uncertain terms! Who are you to tell me what time I have to be on duty? I said. "Sister, I am not here to tell you when to be on duty! But you know as well as I do, that your shift call's for 0800 hr's to 5 pm!" and there are 24 patients in your ward that are waiting to have there dressings changed & bed's made up!" This will be your last warning! If it happens again, you will have to be waltzed up to the Matron! You wouldn't do that to me, would you? I ask her no to try me!

Anyway, we got to talking, (as I always did.) an turn's out that her Dad back in Quebec was a drunk & made his own home brew in the hill's but got caught & she was sending him money to bail him out of the hooshcow, plus one thing & another, was taking it a bit hard.

My office was just across the corridor from the Officers kitchen & one day 2 M.P.s brought in a German SS trooper (just a kid) for an electrocardiogram. I talked German to him for a bit to calm him down, for he seemed a bit on edge. With the type of machines we had in those days, a bit of electrode jelly had to be applied to make proper contact & apply a strap to both arm's & one leg. At that stage he seemed Ok but when I went for the electric wire's, he jumped up & headed for the door. I had locked it with something like this in mind, Of course, the MP's were standing guard outside the door. I did some talk (German) talking to persuade him that I was not intending to kill him, but only wanted to take a recording of his heart, never a dull moment!

Another experience must be told to give you an idea of the German storm troopers. They never give up! I was called to the A.D. Room, (Admitting & Discharge section.) to do some translating. Seems they had a SS Sgt. Who was shot up quite bad & was lying on his back & the MOs were trying to get him to turn over but resisted. Talked with him for a bit when the big QMS saw me talking to the trooper. He asked me why he did not want to be turned & with that he grabbed him & flipped him over. That's the way you treat these B-----S. Low & behold, he

had a luger strapped to the small of his back & have no doubt in my mind, would have used it, had push come to shove.

We had 2 wards on our side of the Hospital with Gonorrhea & syphilis patients that we fed sulfa pill's to as treatment, but found out that they were not being taken, so we would crush the pill's & have them take it with water in front of us to make sure they went down. With the progress in medicine came penicillin which was great, we would line them all up in front of us & give them a shot in the arm, POW, next!

Poor uninformed idiots didn't think of Gonorrhea as more than a cold!

Days went by and mornings were filled with anticipation of what the day would bring & no disappointment, for there was always something new, like the day I got tangled up with Major Sestrap, (a female Surgeon,) and the only one in our unit. You have never heard language like she used. Every other word was a slang or cuss word. How she ever became a Major is beyond me, but there she was & supposedly a very good Surgeon at that. We had some thing to discuss about one of her patients she had operated on & was giving me medication for him to take . I mentioned about her having quite a grasp of a sailors language, her remark was , "that it's the only language people under stand!"

Most of my day's started with a cup of coffee in the Hospitals Officers Kitchen, kind if a gathering place. A Sgt, my Cpl. And a few Officers were standing around talking about the progress the Allies were making, when in walked a nurse with a tray in her hand's & had just been transferred to the medical side , (my side.) and oh my gosh, she was so beautiful & sharp looking with her crisp uniform and head gear that I could hardly contain myself. In the back of my mind something was trying to say. " Some day I am going to marry her! " Hopping that she had not heard that little voice inside me ! With that, so many questions came to mind, Would she give me the time of day if I talked to her? Her being an Officer & me just a Sgt. Who did not know what it was that had happened to him just looking at her. Is she Protestant? How was she brought up. Has she got Brothers or Sisters? What part of the world is she from? How old is she ? Does she believe in the Almighty? ?

Is she English or French ? Could I get up enough nerve to ask her for a date? What would we talk about if she did? Up until this time in life (Women had taken up a very small portion of my life & were just the

female species of humanity.) but something inside me was really starting to change. Never in my wildest dreams, did I ever think, that the female species could have such an effect on me. Was this love? There she was, and oh so beautiful to look at. I most have to do something about the situation, and with that, I blurted out for every one to hear! "Isn't any one going to introduce me to this gorgeous hunk of humanity?" An introduction was made and found myself able to talk to her with out too much stuttering and half way intelligently. Her name was "Nursing Sister Frances Fowler (In our units directory.) The rest of course is history, and a beautiful one at that!

Back to the present, would all the questions I had stored up, be answered in a positive way? She was not exactly falling all over me (for some unknown reason) but one thing led to another I got up enough nerve to ask her for a date. That turned out not to be for a while. Should I walk by her again! Could that change her mind? Apparently the date was going to be on her terms. Her answer was that she would get back to me on that date thing. Wonder how long I will have to wait? Was in the back of my mind! An hour or two? What's with you Janzen? Have you flipped your mind? Four days, 6 hours & twenty two minutes, went by, when she finally agreed to go out with me. The hard part was, I had to check on her every morning to see that she was on duty and enter the days activity on my daily log.

On that first date we went to Liphook to play tennis! After a few games, we sat down for a rest, which seemed to be a good time for answers to all these questions I had stored up. With that in mind, I started, a bit curious , but continued quite easily , and getting a good feeling , at what I was hearing. It seemed that we were doing more talking then playing tennis. Guess the conversation seemed a bit one sided, with me doing so much questioning. She said, that I seemed so curious, and had a feeling as though she was being interviewed for a job?

I said (with out too much of a snicker) yes, to be my wife. With that we went back to playing tennis. The answer did not seem to stir her too much. On our second date , she wondered if I had any more questions. I said, give me time ,and I will have! Little did she know the thoughts in the back of my mind!

This getting promoted to Sgt. had its perks, but how do I come across to the 54 orderlies that I was to give orders to? I would have to conduct myself in a way they would respect, was my main concern, for I had

been working side by side with them since enlistment. I must have gained their trust, for many of them came to me with their problems, and some of them were doosies to say the least.

So many things , and my thinking, had to be changed that I felt that I was in a whirl. A Cpl. Melone was my assistant and knew what his duties were, but a bit of a yes man. I used to tell him that if his ideas were different then mine, to tell me about them, instead of just agreeing with me! I was open to suggestions! Together we could probably come up with a well oiled machine and both come up with a feather in our hat. That seemed to work out real well.

So many of our Hospital staff, seemed to come out to those Liphook tennis courts. Little did nurse Fowler know, that (this farm boy Janzen) had never played tennis in his life. For the first tennis date ,I got hold of an instruction manual and boned up, to familiarize myself with the scoring, and terminology, so as not to look too dumb. I was able to swing the racket quite well!

Being in the Army, seemed like worlds removed from the life I had been used to, but made a vow to myself, not to have it change my belief, in the way I was brought up, and found myself struggling within, how people behaved, that I was in touch with every day. The jumping in, just because everyone else did, became quite evident at a party the Officers Mess threw in my honor, for my promotion to Sgt. One of the Medical Staff Nurses made the invitation, and was there to greet me when I arrived. A toast to Sgt. Janzen ! May he fill his duties with honor, and the glasses clanked. My down fall was in the making! There was this large coffee table filled with glasses of orange juice (I thought) so proceeded to have one to join in. (Never having had, even a snifter of hard liquor,) drank it down like you would a tasty glass of juice. A bit later, being offered another, which I accepted, gave me a strange uncontrolled feeling. I hope that was just orange juice! The Nurse that invited me to my party, asked me for a dance. (never having danced before in my days) We proceeded to maneuver our way to the hall, when it struck me. Why were there two of everything that I looked at? No, that could not have been pure orange juice I just had. With that I excused myself to the Nurse, and said, I was not feeling well, and would go to my quarters for a bit. At this point I was hoping that no one was noticing me, for I doubt that my gate was too steady. The Nurse must have had an idea of what had taken place, and came over

with a cup of black coffee. I felt so ashamed, but nothing was ever mentioned of the incident. May God forgive me! From what I heard, no one at the party was in any shape to notice me. The orange juice was spiked with vodka! That would never happen to me, ever again!

Time went by, when our cook decided to get married, and we all chipped in to have the event take place in the Sgt's mess. Must say at this time. He was a good cook, and would fix you up with a bite any time. The drinks were handed out quite freely during the reception. It was a beautiful day, and I was outside talking with Nurse Warren, when the Catholic Padre came to join us with small talk about how well everything had turned out at the wedding. He seemed a bit overly talkative, but thought nothing of it. In the meantime, the Nurse got a call and left me there with the Padre. He was chatting away with ease, when he (a bit strange) leaned over toward me with a bit of a whisper and quietly mentioned. "Just one night with her, would suit me just fine!" I said Padre! "how you talk?" With that he took off and was gone. I passed him many times in the hall while on his way to some patents, but never had the opportunity to really talk to him again. He probably did not relish the thought of it either. (or did he remember?)

The hospital had a building complex with a 10 ft. wall of barb wire surrounding it and called the " Detention ward." where the bad boys, or prisoners, were billeted. On a rotation bases, we would be called for duty every so often. It was not a desirable place to serve. My first shift their was on night duty. The place had solders in for being AWL. Resisting an order, striking an Officer, rape, awaiting court marshal and so worth. Every thing and everyone was well guarded by MP's (Military Police) While on duty there, a solder was brought in who was caught AWL. from the front lines. (very serious offense) and was in bad shape to my estimation. He was covered with boils over his entire body. Lice were running at free will. Sores and gauze over his genitals, with gonorrhea on top of it all. He had been living with some bimbo in the trenches for months, before he got picked up. The orderly asked what to do with his uniform and cloths? I said " take them to the parade square and burn them!" Put him in a bath tub, and give me a call when ready. When I got there, the lice were crawling up the side of the bath tub. What a mess! I took a bottle of pediculoses lotion and pored it over him. The only army remedy for lice. That really got his attention. When he was being interviewed in the morning, the M.O.

asked for the women's name, that he had been living with, but would not come forth. He said that he had intentions to get married to her some day. With that the MO just about fell off his chair. You serious ?? Those were the times. The Army was trying to round up women with a disease, so they could treat them, and keep them from spreading it any further,

This compound where the bad boys were kept, was called , West Wing In the center of the building were three cubicles, for solitary confinement. These cubicles were a four by seven ft. dimension, with a small window and a door. The door had a small opening to pass food to the prisoner. These three rooms had been occupied with prisoners for over a month, when one of them developed gonorrhea. How can this be? The disease shows up 7 to 10 days after contact, and they had been in there over a month? Never a dull moment, was putting it mild, before you hear of my next experience.

A solder was being prepared to have some fluid drawn from his spinal cord, which I was assisting. This took place in the West Wing department. The MO who was preparing for this procedure did not seem very stable that day. He was having trouble guiding that 3 in. needle and sweating profusely, when he asked me to lock the door Sgt. He turned to me and asked if I had ever done anything like this before? Cause I need help! His hands were very unsteady. The needle was in the solders vertebrae, but the MO. new his limits, that fateful day, and could not get himself to go an further, to get the fluid he was ordered to extract. His fear was that he would go though the cord, which of course would bring serious consequences. Go and get prepped Sgt. And give me a hand! There I was, with the needle in the solders back side, and he is giving me instructions on how to precede .Now go very slowly, and when you come to a bit stronger resistance, that is the time you will be right at the cord. Give the needle just a we push, and you will get the feeling that it wants to fall in. STOP right there, and pull back on the plunger, at which time you will see fluid in the syringe. I did it! The MO. Looked at me with a sigh of relief, but told me never to say anything about this procedure to any one. Yes Sir!!! I am sure that it can be told by now, and you have just herd it! Seamed like just another day in the Army, an what will tomorrow bring? I cant wait.

The Allies were making good progress and the patents were dwindling down too, so we were allowed more time off. A great show could be

seen by going to the outskirts of London to watch balloons in action that were set up around London for the protection of the City. The balloons were connected by cable to the ground, so as to deflect air craft from bombing the City. A barrage of anti-aircraft guns were also ready for action, should enemy planes get near. They were armed with tracer bullets and were a site to see when in action. We did see a few enemy craft brought down this way. When at night, they had powerful search lights to help the anti \aircraft guns.

I was given an assignment to transfer a patient to another Hospital that would take us through London, we side tract a bit to take us through Picadilly-Square, that we had heard so much about. This was the cities (Red Light) district. Low and behold, what do I see? Two of my orderlies going arm in arm with Platoon-Betty and Brigade Annie, that used to hang out around the Hospital grounds, plying their trade. I pointed them out to Nurse Fowler and mentioned the fact that they would probably land up in our VD ward within a week to ten days! Luckily , only one of them got infected.

The Germans surrendered on May. 7-1945 and we were given the day off for celebration. John Hiebert and I hitch-hiked to Brighton to watch the celebration, but came close to getting killed in the process. A soldier in an army truck gave us a lift, but we soon noticed that he was all over the road and going at a high speed. On a sharp curve, that he did not quite make, he rolled over with us hanging on for dear life, and landed back on all four wheels. The poor driver was slumped over the steering wheel muttering! He's going to kill me! He's going to kill me! He was to pick up a Colonel for the V Day celebration in the next town, which of course he could not make, for the truck was badly bent up. We walked to the next Army Garrison and notified the MP's about a truck that had rolled over at such and such a place. We walked a few more miles to Brighton and watched the Celebration in town and what a Celebration it was. Everyone was dancing in the streets and kissing everybody one in site. Also talking and crying at the same time. It was a site to remember.

The War was over and everyone was looking forward to going home! After 3 years in England, we were ready to take off. That was not to be, for most of us. Troops from the Continent had to be brought back and our Hospital to be the one they would come through to be checked out before returning home. Our Hospital would have to stay open till

all our troops were polled back across the English channel Which ⁴⁶ turned out to take close to another year.

Our Hospital was situated in line toward London & before hostilities east we could watch the Man less German, (so called doodle bug's) rockets come over on the way to London. The first of the rockets were designed to destroy building's above ground, called the V1 while the second V2. Was Hitlers attempt to come down from on high and penetrate down into the London under ground & were quite affective. When we got there in 1944 , most all the rockets being used were the V2.s . We could hear & see them up high in the sky, as they would pot,pot over , on the way to London, & instructions were that , as long as you could hear the , pot, pot, they were moving. If the pot,pot, should stop,you better head for the under ground shelter, for they would come straight down. We did have one drop just west of us, some 150-yards. And blew a few thing's around but nothing to write home about.

The most spectacular sight was shortly before the war ended. Toward the end of the day & just before dusk, you would see the sky's just latterly filled with Bombers , from east to west, & north to south, in beautiful formation, as far as the eye could see, all heading in one direction, toward Germany. Many would come back with planes missing from their formation which told us that they had been shot down. How they all got them up in such beautiful formation must have taken some coordination. The planes would latterly cover the sky & would give you the feeling that the ground was shaking & the damage they most have inflicted on Germany!

Like I said, the war ended with an Unconditional surrender of the German Armed Forces in REINS France May 7th and ALFRED YODL signed for the German High Command. Estimated casualties for the war was set at 55 mil. Dead, Military & civilian!" The war that would end all future wars." How wrong can humanity be?

The war over with, most all of the Canadian Hospitals were closing. The 24th Canadian General hospital was being converted into a University & quite a number of us made application but most of us still came under that (Essential Personnel Classification) and were turned down. So many of our patents having come from the First Aid Posts at the front lines still needed more hospitalization & would be kept in for some time, so that we got quite familiar with them.

Our troops were being pulled out of Europe and with that, our VD. Wards went from 2 to 4 . We were called, " the needle pushers!) A Colonel was brought in that had his tank unit eliminated, during a fierce battle with the Germans. He was in shock and could not control himself, to the point that we put him in a strait jacket for fear of hurting himself. I was assigned to look after him, which took a bit of doing. But strange as it seemed, he took a liking to me, and would call for me during his bad spells, which for some reason, always happened during the night. He would go on about all his men that had gotten killed and could not get over it. I felt sooo sorry for him, and tried to talk about more pleasant times, to ease his pain that he was in.

Another pitiful group we had, were all shell shocked. They would dive under the beds, if a plane flew over the Hospital. One of them seemed to be the leader, and together with him, would try to talk them back into bed. They were with us for a week and were later sent home from what I heard.

Things were slowing slowly easing of a bit, and I would go skating and playing tennis with Nurse Fowler. We became good friend, although I still had a lot of questions that needed to be answered. I did not care to continue with this friendship, should we not be compatible for a life's commitment, for I felt that it would not be fair for both of us. She was born in Wpg. Brought up in the United Church, by God fearing parents. Was a graduate of McGill University Of Montreal, had a good disposition and humor. Had and a very pleasant smile. Had a qualifying temper enough to also have passion. Temper & passion, they do not come separate in any human to my thinking! Our line of thinking was close enough to continue the friendship, and kept building from there. She used to say that, (being an only child) her Dad would have preferred a boy, she thought, and was encouraged to part take in all sports.

Her Father worked for the Bank of Montreal. Her Mother passed away when she was 14. He in turn hired a maid to help out, who, after a few years became her Stepmother. After all this it was me that would have to give her some answers. Being strait forward. I told her she was looking at a boy raised on a farm, with 4 Bros. & 5 Sist. Still a bit wet behind the ears , but getting dried, at an extremely fast pace in the Army. She was willing to continue our friendship, and get to know each others ways, so that we agreed, to agree, to let our friendship build.

Sgt. Ross Meloney who was our pay Sgt. & became a good friend of mine which was kind of strange how our friendship developed. He used to hang out with a different crowd. When he approached me one day to say that he would like to come on leave with us, John Heibert, Frank Penner & myself, sure, why not, so it was settled, we would all have our leave scheduled for the same time! After our first leave we spent in Scotland, (The 4 of us) His remarks ! " We didn't even get drunk! " He had been hanging out with guys that all they wanted to go and do, was drink, and found us more to his liking .

Ross & I would gather up some of the Nurses & a few guys & hop onto a truck & all go out to the beech's in Boarnmouth. Had a great time which was not possible during the War days. Sgt. Meloney seemed to take a liking to N/S Fowler! Could I be getting competition?

With everyone wanting to go home, we decided to sign up for the War in the Pacific which would surely give us some time at home, but our strategy did not materialize. The Atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima Sept. 1945 and another one Aug. 1945 on Nagasaki, which kinda blew our little strategy out of the box.

The surrender was signed by Gen. Douglas MacArther for the Allies and Yaskifiro Umizo for the Japanese Army.

Some interest to note was, that the Allies destroyed more than 56,000 German aircraft. (compiled from direct hits) Dropped 2,700,000 tons of bombs. American Pilots flew over 750,00 bombers over Europe, and nearly 1,000,000 fighter sorties. The British & Canadians flew some 700,000 bombers and 1,700,000 fighter sorties. It was estimated, the number people killed, wounded or missing from 1939 to 1945 could never be calculated, A guess was 10,000 million from the the Allies Forces & 6,000,000 from the Axis plus civilians will never be known.

The war cost more than \$1,150,000,000,000 (if you can count that far) I have mentioned this before that over 50 Countries took part in it & has effected the whole world, & me with it !

Frances Fowler was sent home Sept. 1946 and asked me to call her while coming through Montreal on my way home. I did just that but there seemed to be an evil force working against me & will get to that a bit later.

We turned the Hospital over to the British in Oct. 1946 and got sent home. After seven days on the Atlantic. We finally arrived in Halifax and again set foot on Good old Canadian soil.

Our troop train came through Montreal where Frances Fowler was living at the time, and would be nice to see her again, but that evil force was there again, which did not allow this to happen. We had a two hour stop over in Montreal. I called her, but got her StepMother on the phone. I asked her to tell Frances that I was at the C.P. Station. She told her that I was at the C.N. Station, so there was no way of getting in touch with her. My guess was that Dorothy, the Step Mothers name, was that a bankers Daughter was not to get hooked up with a farm boy, the likes of me. Oh well, Maybe we were not meant to be! I wrote her a note on the way to Winnipeg, to let her know what had happened.

My discharge took place in Wpg. And took the first transportation home which happened to be the Greyhound bus, and arrived home at midnight. A 5 mile walk to the farm was no problem! Mother and Dad were so very glad to see there Son home from the War. We sat and talked for some time and then went off to bed.

It was a nice fall day in November 1946 when getting out of bed a little late in the morning, to find the place not having changed too much however, things had changed! My Kid Brother was working on the so called, back forty, and was taking a drum of distillate for the tractor. He asked me if I cared to go with him, sure, I had nothing better to do. We piled into the Modal T with the drum in the back, and off we went. While bumping over some plowed field, one of the front wheels came off. Now what? It did not seem too much of a problem to him. He picked up the wheel and asked me to get ready to slip it on, while he lifted the front of the T. Good grief, this is my so called kid Brother? Could he lift the front of the car enough for me to slide the wheel back on? He did just that, and was looking for a nail to use as a cotter key, so it would not come off again. This little Brother of mine does not know his own strength, was in the back of my mind!

The next morning was a different story. I was awakened to look at his arm. The hand and part of the Ulna & Radius was hanging down from the way he was holding it. Do you think it is broken? He asked! Yes, I know it is and we better get you to the St. Rose Hospital, toot sweet. I improvised a splint and applied it, jumped into the 36 Ford and were gone. The Doctor alienated the arm some more and put on a cast, and with that we were on our way home. WOW, that little Brother of mine must be a toughie, for he never let out as much as a whimper

during the process, and am sure it must have been painful.

So here I was, back home on the farm. What am I going to do with my life? Not only was there a big change in myself but things had also changed in the neighbor hood. My Brother Jake was married to a girl by the name of Ann Toewes . Many of my friends had moved away & I just did not seem to fit in, and did not relish the thought of farming.

For a bit of adventure John Baerge, Jack Baerge, Henry Weins & I decided to take a trip to B.C. And visit some of our friends that had moved there during the time I was gone. We hopped into the 36 Ford that my brother Jake had kept in running condition all this time. We dropped down into N D and took the American rout to BC. The Canadian dollar was at a 10% premium in the USA at the time. My friend Bill Baerge was working in a Body Shop in BC & seemed quite happy about it at the time. We stopped at my Army Buddy Frank Penner who was married by now & we just had a great time of it all.

My mind kept wandering back to my future life & what to do about it. Upon returning from our trip west I decided to take up a trade to start with. The Government would pay for any schooling of my choice so took up Welding, Electricity, Body Repair & Auto. Painting. That would keep me busy for a while! There was still a feeling in back of my mind about going into Medicine but decided that was not a viable option for it would take up too much of my. Another 7 yrs, of schooling? No way! I wanted to make some money & get married, was in the back of my mind, so the schooling in a trade got on it's way.

Found a Boarding house not too far from the old Ford Building on Portage Ave. where the trades were being taught, & was on my way.

Had a few block walk to the Street Car tracks on Portage which was my mode of transportation. Any one remember those old Street Cars?

There were 5 or 6 other boy's in this boarding house that were taking up trades. The lady that ran the boarding house would also pack a lunch for us but all agreed she was a bit skimpy on the food. At our age I guess we did away with a lot of it.

Time went on and was learning my trade at the Manitoba Technical Institute, came in first in Welding & Painting , Second in the Auto Body trade schooling. As a result I was ask to paint the Superintendent of Schools car as one of the last tasks & resulted in a job well done.

Now to look for a job but the need did not arise . There was a man

by the name of John Buffy that owned a Body Shop in Selkirk, some 20 miles north east of Wpg. And was looking for a Body Technician and went to work for him in a few weeks time.

Frances Fowler had moved to Chicago & was living with her Aunt. I decided to take a run down to see her. Put an add in the paper for company to Chicago which resulted in 2 boys from Tennessee coming with me. They helped pay for gas and we landed in Chicago in the late evening. I dropped them off at the Gray Hound bus station and headed north in to the vicinity were Frances was living. Not wanting to wake her at 12 in the morning, I was looking for a Hotel or Motel but did not seem to be in the right part of the City, I decided to ask a man walking down the street with a lunch kit under his arm. A likely candidate for an answer to my plight.

He hopped in the car, was going to take me to a Hotel were a friend of his was on the night shift. This is great , in my thinking till it came to showing me to my room when , low & behold, he was trying to become a bit too friendly was wondering if I would like to have some fun? No, I have been driving all day & just want to go to bed. The character became a bit too persistent & would not leave my room. So what were my options? Lay him out, and drag him into the hall to cool off? Or would it have to come to that. I did just that & locket the door. He was gone in the morning. What a greeting that was for my first arrival in the Big City.

When I called Frances in the morning about my stay for the night, I was told that it was not in the best of neighbor hood places to stay.

I spent a week in Chicago & was introduced to all her relatives & friends. We really got to know each other more and were leaning toward getting engaged , but would have to wait till my next visit.

My job in Selkirk was going on quite well & Mr. Buffy was talking about building a new shop in the hart of town, for the old building that he was renting was old & run down to the point it could cave in at any time. The plans were on the way & with his 2 Son's (John & Ruddy) we decided to name the shop, "Modern Body Works." I bought in as a partner & construction got under way. Within 6 months we moved into the new building & doing quite well.

With talking to Mom & Dad about marrying this so called English girl did not sit too well with them . In the back of their mind I am sure they were thinking, why does he not get married to a nice Mennonite

girl instead. I told them that I would bring her home to see for themselves what a wonderful person she was. She came up by train one day & we drove to McCreary for a judgment day. Things went quite well in my estimation but do not think they were as enthused with her as I was. However, my mind was made up to get married to her but she did not relish the thought of living in Selkirk. We talked this situation over and decided to settle in Chicago. I bought an engagement ring and was going to present it to her New Years day 1948.

John & Ruddy Buffy had a Cousin in Minneapolis & wanted to come down with me while on the way to Chicago, drop them off there & pick them up on the back. That turned out to be quite a trip. We started out early one cold morning. The day turned out a bit warmer, the closer we got to Minneapolis where it started sleeting & the roads became so slick that you could hardly move. To continue on to Chicago by car was not an option. I left the car with the boys in Minneapolis & boarded the Lincoln Zeffer to Chicago. While there, a friend of the family offered us their New car to get around with. How nice of them!

I presented Frances with the engagement ring which put a finality toward our intentions & my intentions were to wait for a marriage date in 1949 but settled on September 1948. With that in mind, I was on top of the world & continued on with my life at hand.

The summer went by a bit slow. In between time, I bought a few cars in need of repair & sold them after some renovation.

My US visit's were on a monthly Visa braces and had one at the time I was applying for a permanent Visa, before our marriage. After filling out papers for just that, this fellow at the Immigration office looked them over & with a straight face said. " Being born in the USSR, there would

be a 19 year wait!" besides, you can't apply for a permanent Visa while in possession of a monthly pass. I pulled my monthly pass out & tore it in a few pieces & dropped them on his desk. " now I don't have a monthly pass!" You will still have to wait 19 years, was his comment ! It was not my day. So I left with a bit of apprehension. 19 year wait? And we are wanting to get married in Sept. How can I get around this optical . I had an idea. Get a monthly pass & let them come & get me after we,r married. Could I do that? Yes! But I would have to get hold of a different person than the Red Headed one who was telling me I would have to wait 19 years. I waited a few days and went back to the

Immigration Office for a try at another Monthly pass and was successful in my attempted.

The Buffy boys were good at hockey and with some friends of theirs, plus local talent, we sponsored a hockey team as the " Selkirk Demons. " Turn's out that through the " Hockey Association" we played quite a few team's from the Northern part of the US and entailed crossing the Border at Emerson. As a result we became quite friendly with the Border crossing guard's & will turn out to be to my advantage for my stay in the USA later on.

With the intention of marrying his Daughter. I wrote Her Father a letter to ask for his approval in our marriage . His reply was in hopes that I would be able to supply her with the necessities of life that she had been used to up on till now & agreed to give her away at the Wedding.

Ross Meloney came from Toronto to be my best man, and the Wedding took place in St. Peters Episcopal Church in Chicago. on the 11th of Sept. 1948. The reception was held at her Uncles place in Chicago & turned out to be just a few blocks from where we found an Apartment a bit later on.

We spent our Honeymoon in Wisconsin Dell's. A far cry from what it is today! I had sold my car in Canada & bought a 1939 Plymouth, for the time being & got us around for a while till the Chicago Transit Authority got me in a squeeze play between their streetcars & totaled it out, but landed up replacing it.

The honeymoon was over & time to look for a job, also a place to live besides the Hotel we started out at. This is where our friend from the Border came into play. My 30 day visitors permit was running out & one morning there was a knock at the door of our Hotel, who could that be this time of the morning? None other then the friendly Border crossing chap from Emerson .We looked at each other for a few seconds and came up with the same question to each other! " What are you doing here ?" I have come to take you back to Canada ! Is what he said. Now that would cause quite a predicament, you see, I am married to an American Citizen & would not be permissible to take me out of the Country, at which point he suggested we both go to the Immigration Office & try to get thing's squared away & spent the biggest part of he doing that.

Frances and her Uncle had looked into this matter some time ago &

we were in the know as to how the procedure would unraveled toward my staying in the country. I would have to fill out temporary paper's & get classified as a resident Alien. Was also given a Social Security card, and was required to report to the Immigration every year till my permanent paper's were processed. This all took place during the Truman administration And was changed when Eisenhower became President. Now I could apply for permanent paper's, but would be required to go back to Canada & come into the USA legally, That's what we did. We took a run into Windsor Ontario, stayed the night, came back the next day under legal statues, with full intentions of staying. Wow, was I wearing rose colored glass or was every turning up roses? We were so in love, and together, nothing seemed impossible. Frances was so loving & caring & the thought came to me. God, how did you ever make a Woman so beautiful? In the back of my mind was another thought! Janzen, what have you gotten yourself into? You have left a Country that you so loved & here you are starting all over again. The thing about it was that we were in the same boat & were determined to make the best of it.

This living in a Hotel was of course not our way of life, so the hunt for an apartment got into full swing. That would be easier said then done. Apartments in Chicago were scarce as hen's teeth in those days, Most every one we looked at wanted to sell the furnishings with the apartment for double what it was worth & with a take it or leave it attitude! We found a one bedroom apartment on the north side of Chicago just a few blocks from Fran's Uncle, but would be required to buy the furniture for \$3,500,00 which we did, and moved in with all our worldly possessions . The plus side of it was that we were not required to sign a lease, which was to our liking!

Having done all this, in the back of my mind was this thought of having left Canada and all of my family up north, surely I must be considered the black sheep of the family? Only time would tell!

Frances was working as an Industrial Nurse for the US Steel Supply Co. at \$190,00 a month for a Dr. Gurvey & found it interesting. With not too much effort I found a Job at a Chevrolet agency in Evansten a few miles from where we lived & life got started for the building of our future together.

Mark King was the service director. As luck would have it was a friend of Fran's relatives & we became good friends.

The shop was Unionized & would be required to join the union which I was reluctant to do, so Mark King decided the shop would pay my dues which would allow me to stay on. We were on a fifty fifty bases which meant that fifty % of the labor on a job would go to the shop & fifty% was yours to keep and was quite lucrative to my thinking, but the down side of a set up like this was, that there was a tendency to rush the job & later reflect on customer satisfaction & at times to require the job to be done over. Having to do a job over was very much frowned on!

I was quite pleased with the set up however, my idea was to look for a shop of my own & as luck or God, were on my side, I did get wind of an elderly man by the name of Hansen was looking to sell, but allow him to use his Forge, for he was a Blake Smith by trade, & was doing some fancy iron work as a hobby. He was a nice old gent & I landed up buying the shop just down the street from where I was working.

I started out with 2 employees & Mr. Hansen was willing to help out when we got busy. In the meantime he would come in & work with his forge in the corner of the building & I was on my way. I paid him \$2,300.00 for the equipment & good will. He had a good reputation in the neighborhood & work kept coming in.

My wanting a shop of my own so badly, I failed to recognize there was no room for expansion. The parking was such that, at the most we could only handle 16 cars tops. The rents were going up every year, so I landed up selling after a few years, & went back to work for Mark King at the Chevrolet Agency.

In the meantime, we decided to look for a house. This apartment living was not for us. Frances as well as myself, were not used to living in apartments. Before the house became a reality my Brother Jake stopped by to show us the Brand New Studybacker he had just bought in Ontario. It was a beauty, and so proud of it! We were so glad to see him for I had not seen any of my Family since I left Canada in 1948. This was 1951.

We found a contractor by the name of Blum Construction in Des Plaines, about 5 miles west of where we were living. Was he a reputable builder? I would have him checked out! A fellow I was working with by the name of Gorden Henchel, had a brother who was a Lawyer. He spent one morning having coffee in every Restaurant in town, asking people if they knew anything about Blum Construction? The answer

came back very positive. He was a very well respected contractor and respected by everyone he talked to & to our good fortune was in the middle of constructing some houses across the street, from the Town Recreation Center that had a pool, tennis courts, ball diamond & large playing fields. As luck would have it, we qualified for a mortgage on one of his buildings. We signed the contract & became the proud owners of a 2 bed room house in the year of 1953. In asking what the charge was for checking our Blum Construction Co. The answer was, what are friends for! To think back on how things have fallen into place, I can only say. There must be a power from above that is watching over me.

Not only was this an ideal place, but would be a great place to raise a family & another plus was that it was on a dead end street. What more could we be looking for?

After 5 years of marriage there was still no indication of any family forth coming plus our check up with the doctor did not indicate that there was anything wrong with either of us. Together we agreed that we would try to adopt a child. After a few different interviews we were turned down by the Agency we had applied at. I told Frances at the time of our first interview that I had a feeling we were not going to make it. The lady we were dealing with had an air about her that did not sit well with me and must have shown. Frances by this time had resigned from her job & became a house wife, to look after the house, garden & family, but the latter had not shown up yet!

Life went on & I joined the Junior Chamber of Commerce with some 35 members and quite active. To comment on this Blum Construction. Mr. Blum had 3 sons in the business with him, Bob, the oldest one was our neighbor & John, the youngest lived at the end of the street. Bob was voted in as President the year that I joined. The high light of the year was a model air plane meet that we sponsored & held it at Ohara Air Port the year the Jets came out. I built a RUSSIAN Mig 19 that was prop inducted, and would do some 90 mph. The engine ran at 21,000 rpm. That thing would literally scream on take off. The B52, one of the boys built, was a sight to see take off with its 4 engines revving up.

Cars of course was my thing & when the Chicago street cars totaled out my Plymouth I bought a 1941 Caddy, but did not like the color so I gave it a nice (Belden Blue) paint job. Now that was a Tank, but a joy to drive. Like the old saying. They don't make them like that any more!

With so many opportunities , I found myself being interview by a Mercury Representative from St. Louis, In chicago ,for a job at their St Louis plant. Must have had the right credentials for the next one was at the plant which was an all day affair. After being interview by 3 men. wondering what this job was all about. My next interview was not till 2 so I sauntered into the assembly plant & talked with a few of the assembly line workers and got the feeling they were looking for some one to straighten out the assembly line that they apparently were having some problem with, when one of the men asked, if I was going to be the next shit kicker ? That more or less gave me an idea of what would be expected of me,

My next interview got started at 2 PM and lasted for another 2 hr's. When the dust settled,I was told that I was their man & they would pay the moving expenses for me to move to St.Louis. In the back of my mind was this question! Will you be the next shit kicker ? While asking them to be more specific as to what my duties would entail I was told that they were having some problem with their lines & hoped that I would help resolve them. My complaint was the salary ! One of the men slid a pad of paper across the table to me & asked me to put a number down as to what it would take ? A quick thought ran through my mind. "I don't really need this job!" & with that I doubled theirs and slid it back to him. They left the room and went into a huddle I suppose was really sticking my neck our. " What if they agreed to my figure!"My mind was saying,thisjobsnot for you Janzen. They returned but could not agree to my demand.With that I shook hands & left with out giving it another thought .

No sooner did I settle back to my job at hand,when I noticed this glaring add in the paper. Come With Us! Interviews being taken now. With nothing to loose I showed up at the time stated to find out that there were 50 others there, all taking the same exam for General Motors Acceptance Corporation. Papers were handed in & were told to wait for a call.A few days latter I was called back. The job was to become an adjuster for GM Insurance Co. but the salary they were offering was pittance. " But we supply you with a car!" You cant eat a car,& was my last comment .

They say every thing three time, as the saying goes. My next interview was with GM again For an Auto Body Instructor .

GM at this time was building 32 Training Centers in most any of the larger cities through out the country in an effort to train people in the field to repair their products , cars, trucks & refrigerators . The Fisher Body Division was looking for Auto Body Technicians. I was recommended by my service manager to be interviewed for a position with them. A GM representative came to Chicago for a preliminary check out . After a week or so they ask me to come to Detroit for another hearing & was accepted . There would be a 6 month training period and time at Flint College to start with. I would drive to Detroit on a Sunday night & back home by Friday night for which GM was picking up the tab.

At the end of our training session we were introduced to all the different department heads. The head of the Cadillac division turned out to be a bit comical. Our Instructor introduced us to the head of the division but was reprimanded for saying the word Cadillac in such a lowly way, and was told that when you refer to the word Cadillac, you say it with a bit of dignity! C \A-D-I-L-L-A-C . "And don't you forget ! It!" Well---Woop---Tee----Doo. Quite a snicker after all that! Now we knew how to pronounce Cadillac.

All said and done they moved us to Detroit. Before the move took place I was asked if there was anything in our possessions that needed special handling. My concern was the old Grandfather clock which is quite delicate, so they sent out a man for special handling. He took a one look old Grandfather clock & put his arms around it and said , "I love you !" He was an old clock lover from the heart! Did a wonderful job too.

Now that we were thoroughly indoctrinated, In the ways of GM we were given an ID card. What power that turned our to be in Detroit. You have never seen a city so dominated by a car manufacture That ID would get you most anything! For an example, you need to fly to Dallas Texas but the flight is filled, no seats left. Show them your GM ID card and some one would get bumped & you were on your way. How's that for an ego builder?

These training centers were manned with an instructor for all Divisions. Fisher Body, Chevrolet, Buick, Old's, & Pontiac, Cadillac, GMC Trucks & fridgidair. We were supposedly the know how. The centers were put up just in time, for the technology in cars was so far advanced in comparison to the knowledge in the field . It was getting

to the point where a mechanic just kept replacing parts to correct the problem, but every part (Needed or not) you would have to pay . The centers would run programs with the know how to repair the new innovations the manufacture would come out with & turned out to be quite effective And are still being used to this day.

I was called out to Texas to help the Instructor in a (New Fiberglass repair program .) It was a 2 day program & the dust from grinding fiberglass had a tendency to get into your skin and could result in a rash or worse. A warning was given to take a good shower at the end of the day to help prevent any side effects, but seemed to mostly effect blond skinned people. One of the students was an African American who came up the second day with a doosy of a rash. His face was all puffed

& said Pete," what you mean, only blonde people get a rash?"That's the way things go!

I got transferred to Golden Valley Minneapolis as the Fisher Body Instructor. We rented a house and had a weeks time on our hands with nothing much going on. Frances started me on golfing & has stock with me ever since.

GM has a field representative in most large Cities and the one in Minneapolis was a man by the name of Nick Parker. Well versed in GM activities and quite a character, but easy to get along with. The home office would send out a Rep. Every once in a while to check on us. He would call Nick to notify him that he was coming and Nick would reserve a motel room (Pluuuuuus) for him. One year Nick was not around to set things up for him, so he got hold of me to do it for him. I was not about to have a Bimbo waiting for him on his arrival. The whole thing got to the point of irritation after some time & I was getting depressed about my staying on and resulted in handing in my resignation & moved back to Chicago in the 60's.

We bought a house in Glenview a bit north of Chicago and settled down again. The service manager at Fergus Ford (Barney Holdsfaster) offered me a job as Body Shop Manager for a new shop they were building & I was more or less back to my old stamping grounds.

We had been going to the nearest church, what ever part of the country we happened to be living . Here we were going to join a church. Frances was brought up in the Anglican Church and me, a Mennonite, we both compromised and joined the Methodist church. I had never

been Baptized up until this time in my life & did not feel right about living with out. In my heart I felt an urge that I was missing out in a way of Christian living. With the contact of so many people with such a diversity of thoughts and belief, I felt that I needed a stronger belief in mine& ask the Minister (Rev. Robinsen) to baptize me into the Methodist Church, and did so!

At this time in life we were making another attempt at adopting a child after some 15 years of marriage thinking it to be now or never. The call finally came from the "Children's Home And Aid society " that we had been approved & was now just a matter of waiting for a child become available. That really set us on needles & pins! Our request was for a boy. With this news I took the day off to go shopping for what ever a baby boy would need. Man! This was great, & within a week we were asked to come and pick up a baby boy & called him David Peter Janzen. All our family and friends came to wish us well with all the different instructions and a shower was given for the new arrival .The year was 1965.

My job was just down the street a few miles & would come home for lunch, just to see how things were going. Frances seemed to be a natural with infants & life just took on a different meaning.

The Sunday morning we had David Baptized was bright and beautiful. A kind of funny thing happened on the way into Church. Frances had him dressed in his Sunday best ,and will just mention that there were warmly strands of (premature gray hair) showing through. A friendly couple stopped by to goggle at the new infant , with this remark! " My, What A Beautiful Grandson you have there!" Needless to say, they found out different later on, but we (or maybe I should say I) found it quite amusing ! We all like to live a long life but don't want to get referred to as old! Up until now we were living life before children! B.C. The next stage will be with children! W.C.

Life With Children !

The days went by and Frances was doing a great job with baby David . Must say at this point that woman must have a better sense of hearing then men, fore I never seemed to hear anything at night, regarding a babies cry, or are woman just tuned in better to the sound of infants . Any of you men with me on this? David seemed to go through all the stages of growing without any problems & was a happy little boy. We were so thankful!

Fran's Cousin Harry Linn was a buyer with Montgomery Wards at the time in the Firestone department & came up with some tickets to the Indiana 500 races in 1964 . Our conversations seemed to revolve around cars most of the time . Harry fancied himself as being quite knowledgeable

regarding Automobiles & was a joy to converse with. I, in the meantime was with Ford & given a new vehicle of my choice every year, and had 1964 Ford wagon with the big 400 Engine, with an automatic trans. & told him, it would do 90 mph. In second gear. That he thought was a bit far fetched.

The morning of the Indy. 500 three of us piled it into my wagon and took off early to get there in time. There were no four lane roads in those days! I had method in my madness, so ask him to take the wheel after a few hours . When he did. I ask him to prove my point, regarding the 90 mph. In second gear. A car was diddling along at some 70 mph. In front of us. I told Harry, "If you get a chance, put the pedal to the metal, & go by him!" He did just that, and while swinging back into the right lane, I said , "Take a gander at your speedo!" he was sitting at 92 mph. You made your point, was his remark! That engine likely never stopped winding up!

In the year 1965 we had a wonderful surprise when the Children's Home And Aid Society called to see if we would consider adopting a baby girl? "Of cores we would!" was our answer &, with in a few weeks we brought home a beautiful little girl, 5 weeks old. David was 6 weeks when we got him. We called the baby girl Donna Rebecca Janzen We were so thankful for such a wonderful occasion.

Frances was so proud of the two kids. Before Donna arrived on the scene we took a trip to Vancouver for a get together with some of Fran's Nursing friends from the time they had been in training in

Montreal Canada & had a great time. A high light of the trip came while driving through Montana which had some wide open spaces & you could see the road before you for miles ahead. David was asleep in Fran's lap & they were both kinda dosing off to sleep. The road ahead seemed so inviting that I let the wagon inch up to 90 mph. When a 64 model Coupe (Ford) slid by us as though we were in second gear. My thought's, "This guy is really moving," but thought nothing more till I polled in for gas & there was that same coupe with the hood open & steaming. My curiosity got the better of me. So went over & mention'd the fact of him going by me a while back when I was doing 90. and asked him at what speed he had been traveling ? He said I don't know , but I had my foot down on it. I was interested in what these 1964 Cars could do, flat out.

We had a fine time at the Nurses reunion and turn's out one of the Nurses served in our Hospital in England so there was a lot of reminiscing done.

Going back to 1950 when Fran's Dad & Dee (Dorothy) were looking for a place to retire in Florida we drove down to meet them. They took us out for dinner and played bingo with them for a while in a Wreck. Center. I got introduced to Dorothy (Fran's Stepmother) whom I had not met until this time. My psychology studies I did in England seemed to kick in at this point which seemed to give me a strange feeling about her & don't know why !Anyway, after we spent the evening with them,they went to their Motel & we to our's. Frances ask me what I thought of Dorothy? I had not intended to say this, but I did. " I think she is nut's!" What?? Why would you say that? Well, her outward display just did not seem to fit her inner feelings toward me! That's the way I felt at the time. Frances was a bit taken back at my remark but seemed to be in line with a few other family members, but who was I to judge her. Her Dad and Dorothy seemed happy with each other & that was all that mattered to me.

Dad passed away in the fall of 1967 in Clear Brook BC. I took a flight to Seattle and rented a new 1968 Ford that was just out. By the time I got the car it was dark out. I was tooling along # 5 heading north to Clear Brook when all of a sudden the engine, light's, and every thing went out which seemed like an eternity ! Was this my destiny in life? With that, the lights & engine, came back on. But was shaken up so bad I had to pull off the road & get settled down. Wow, what was this all

about. I looked around but could not find anything out of the ordinary. How could this be? Knowing what I did about cars, I checked the wiring coming from the fire wall into the inside to see if I could duplicate what had happened on the road but nothing ,everything was in order. I was sure going to check with Ford Motor Co. for this could be dangerous . The funeral took place as planed & met a lot of old friends.

Frances picked me up at the airport. On our way home we saw a large glaring sign." Motor Home For Rent, "Winter Rates! Just what we had been looking for. Sure enough, you could rent one for \$125,00 a week. I put a deposit down & picked it up the next week for our vacation. Motor Homes in those days were a novelty. The night be for we were going to take off for Fran's Uncles place in Ontario, and were trying to get it packed , all the Relatives had to come around to check this thing out!

We finally made it by midnight. David was 4 & Donna was 2 years old. A novelty was putting it mild, everywhere we would stop, people would ask to see the inside a all to the point were it got to be a nuisance , but enjoyed showing it to them. It was a Dodge & looked so homey . The kid's played with their toys in the back & we tooled about. What a way to go! That was the time we fell in love with Motor Homes & started looking around for one . By the way, before I could pay for the rental I was given a test to see if I could handle it . Peace Of Cake! By Motor Home to us was the way to go on vacation.

In 1968 we decided to move a bit further north, for the kids were starting to grow & wanted more open space. We found an area next to Libertyville that was being developed some 20 miles north. Seemed like way in the boony's. Frances would have to drive the kids around to the various functions in school & church. The kicker came, that we did not have any extra cars laying around, what's more she did not know how to drive a car. I landed up buying a 1967 Fairlane Ford for her to take lessens & came through with flying colors.

We were having a home build & now would have to sell ours, what to do? A friend of mine from church was in the real-estate business & would check with him to see what ours could sell for? He came over with his side kick & took measurements , looked the place over, and suggested a fast sale of \$28,000,00. My suggestion was a slow sale of \$38,000,00. He thought that was out of reach, so we left it with a, don't

call me , I'll call you , attitude. The day after I placed an add in the local paper for an open house. The first people that looked at it almost jumped for joy , and put a deposit down on it. This is just the house we have been looking for! They were going to have their Mother In law live with them. Our house was laid out where the two bed room's were to one side of the place & a tandem garage to the opposite side, but I had converted part of the garage into a bed room with a half bath, which was the selling feature . The mother In Law could have her own wash & bed room.

Frances & I were talking of how everything seemed to be falling in place for us in all the ventures we were taking. Surely God was favoring our every move.

I mentioned to the young couple, who were about to buy the house, that of they needed help in procuring a Mortgage , I could assist them with it. No thanks, we will be paying cash, was their reply. It was of course no consequence to us, either way was fine with!

The day we closed, was a bit out of the ordinary, they arrived with a small suit case. They literary meant cash, when they said. " We will be paying cash." They did have a small Cashiers check, but the rest was all in 20, 50 & 100 dollar bill's. Larry Donlap (My Lawyer) & I did some tall counting ! Topping It all off, The buyer worked for the IRS. The mother In Law must have had it stashed in a mattress, for she had just Immigrated from Europe.

David was to the point of starting Kindergarten . Frances had her own car & quite proud of her driving ability, for she had passed her Driver Ed. With flying colors. Low and behold, one day I came home from work & found her in a very depressed mood. With tears in her eye's she informed me that she had wrecked the car. You don't look any the worsel! So where is the wreck? In the garage ! I don't see anything wrong with it! Wait till you see the other side, was her comment .

Oh My Gosh, how could you do something like this? Are you all right? I will have to kiss those big tears rolling down your face. (Liked kissing her any way!) There was a very small dent & one of the molding was slid ahead about a foot. No big deal.

The move to Libertyville came off without a hitch. The house was build on half acre of land, with the Forest Preserve to the south & open land to the east, what more could we want? A great place to raise the

kids. In the back of the house was a nice area to park the Motor Home we were intending to buy some day. We had our church membership transferred to the one in Libertyville. The development our house was being built in , had people mostly our age and became friends with so many of them. We formed a bowling league, that kind of tied us all together as a happy group. Come to think of it. Dick and Hazel Sagendorph, together with Frances and I, took first place that first year.

In 1971 we bought our first Motor Home. The Champion. That changed our way of vacationing for ever. It was like a home on wheels, with AC and everything. We got to the point that we left a lot of our cloths right in the motor home, and on week ends would crank it up and be off. Like I mentioned before, they were a novelty in those days and in passing we would wave to each other. Frances some days would keep track of how many we would see in a days travel. 6 or 7 would be tops. They have since become very popular and are just another part of the congestion on our roads.

Our maiden voyage was a trip to Key West. Fran's folks were by then retired in Florida and would stop by to see them like we always did since they moved there in 1951. Just another mention in Dorothy's character. We would call them when entering the northern part of the state, to let them know what time we would be arriving which they said, were always looking forward to. It did not seam to matter what time of the day we would call. If we called before lunch, we were too early, if we called after lunch, we were late. There seamed to be no pleasing her. Could we ever? Who knows!

That maiden voyage came to a sad ending. We were taking in a lot of the country side and were coming home via St. Louis where we came upon a four lane highway , with a wide median between lanes. They were rare in those days too. Getting itchy to get home, I got tired of the old VW in front of us, and pulled into the center lane. I just started pouring on the coal to pass, when the old couple decided to turn left in front of me, to a gas station on the left. I jumped on the brakes with both feet. Frances slid against the dash, the kids came flying forward, as we hit the old couple broadside and bent there car in a half circle. There was blood splattered all over the windows. The people in the gas station saw what happened and called 911 which brought help, toot sweet! The kids were screaming. Fran's leg puffed up like a balloon, what's

More, we could not get the old couple out of their car, after they cut one of the doors open they got them out and the Ambulance took them to the nearest Hospital and we followed. The sheet metal was moved around a bit on the Motor Home but after pulling the front bumper away from the wheel we were able to drive it. I took Frances to the Hospital too and dropped her off at the Emergency Department. While there I went to see how the people were that we hit. They were being treated for cuts and bruises, but had no broken bones. Both of them being so obese probably saved them, for they must have bounced around quite a bit.

The people that we hit were being blamed for the accident & given a ticket for making an improper turn. We were able to drive home the same day & all was well. My Insurance Co. paid for the repairs & was good as new again.

In 1972 we took a trip out west and stopped at all the points of interest. The high point of course was Disney World in Cal. We also spent a few days with John Baerge & family who at that time lived just out side of Los Angeles. I was on a 3 wk. Vacation & we made the most of it. We also went swimming in Lake Mead.

With all the enjoyment we were having with the Motor Home we took a trip to Vancouver for another Nurses Reunion & went there on a bit of a roundabout way. We stopped at Jake & Ann's place. They had a lot of friends & relatives while there & all wanted to see the inside of a Motor Home, & like I said. " they were a novelty in those days." From there we stopped at My Brother Abe's in Winnipeg MB and west through Edmonton Alberta & also roamed around in the Canadian Rockies for a few days. Dorothy Ross, a Nurse Frances more or less grew up with, whose husband was really into the Lapidary business got us started collecting rocks, precious stones & gems. The kids & I were really fascinated by his collection. Frances & Dorothy would talk nursing, to the wee hours in the morning.

David developed an early liking for cars & helped him get a Ford Torino shortly after passing his drivers test. That lasted for a few years till he got wind of a 1969 Camaro. The guy was building this monster up for himself but ran out of money & had to sell it. David came home one day with that wild look in his eyes about a 1969 Camaro for sale & it is a real cool one! You should see it, its great! I consented to have a look at it. While looking at it, in the back of my mind I thought, " wouldn't mind one of those myself!" There it was, what a black monster, The rear wheels stick out of each side of the car & looked about 1 ½ ft.

wide. The rear dumper would brake your legs above the knee, it was so high. A V8 engine with milled down heads, The pipes in the rear looked like they could send a rocket into space. A over sized radiator & scoops down the center of the hood to give the monster air. Chromed air covers on the carb's and valve covers. No sheet metal from the cowl forward, nor bumper. He did have the Hood, fenders, head lights, bumper & grill ready to be installed. Am I going to help him get this fire breathing killer ? In the back of my mind came a thought! Better a car then a motor bike and the lesser of two evils.

Who's going to put all the sheet metal on the front end & paint it? We can do that was his answer! I knew who this WE would be ! So. Waying the lesser of the 2 evils, we took it home & put it all together and gave it a nice black paint job.

I most say that he was fairly ticket free except for getting pulled over for every ones in a while for improper starts when laying rubber. The squealing of the tires gave him away! When he was within the law and still they pulled him over , their excuse would be , the California rake, because the rear bumper sat up too high. All in all , he did not give us too much trouble with it but always seamed to let us know when he was home. A good parking spot was on the drive next to our bed room window. Shutting it down, he would give it that last cough , which would make the windows rattle & inform us that he was home! Even though a real muscle car, my rational, better then a Motor Bike .

The years went by and the Motor Home Manufacturers were making so many improvements that we fell in love with a 1977 Titan that was built by the same Co. as the Champion ,so we bought one of those. The ride was so much smother & so many refinements! This traveling by Motor Home was great And by the time I retired, we had been in every State of the union plus every Province in Canada. The Children still talk about all the places they had been when they were young.

They both graduated from Libertyville High School and were not interested in Collage. David spent a year in Colorado learning the Auto Body Trade & Donna became a Beautician.

David got married June 25, 1983, but to our sorrow, did not last. After macksing out on their credit cards to the tune of some thousands of dollars, she decided to leave him.

Donna got married to an African American that also did not last for various reasons .

Before both these sorrow full marriages took place, I joined the Lake County Model Railroad Association, in H0 scale, that took up quite a bit of my time. Also built a layout in the basement that David got interested in , but wanted to go into the N gauge scale, That made for some long hours together in the basement & good camaraderie between us. Frances would call down to us in the late hours, "Aren't you two ever coming to bed?"

Car Dealerships on a scale of honesty from 1 to 10 were pretty well down on the bottom and also saw a lot of the goings on which prompted me to write a book on, "How To Maintain Your Car & Save Thousands." Time and time again, I would see this happen & felt so sorry for them. Customers would come in with their cars and tell the service writers some thing like this. " My car is not running right, would you fix it for me? " Well, saying something like that to a repair shop, is just like leaving you check book with them. Oh the stories I used to hear, how they were ripped off at such & such a shop. Cars can be compared to the human body. When something goes wrong with either, there is a cause or reason. When you take a car in for repair, be very specific and in detail of what is wrong & what you want repaired. That gives them a good idea of what to look for & where to start. Not knowing the exact specifics of your complaint can turn out very costly. Of coarse never, but never, tell them to repair anything else they find wrong unless you have money to burn.

I finished writing the book in 1981, Published it on my own, and the copyrights @ 1981 can be checked as # ISBN-o-960-4458-o-3 In the Library Of Congress . It never hit the best seller list but sold quite well in the USA, Canada & also in Europe. Was quite pleased with the results!

Shell Oil Co. got interested in the Copyrights but could not agree on royalties. Who knows what could have bin, but its water over the dam!

So hear we were, just the two of us like the way we started & more in love with each other then ever, if that was possible!

Life Without Children.

With both children away from home we had the whole house to ourselves again, and it seemed so empty & life seemed to settle back to a way of less excitement. Not having to sit up nights, waiting for the kids to come home. This was a lull after the storm, but adjusted to it quite well.

Frances continued with the "Meals On Wheels" program from church, also the registering of church finances. I helped with church ushering & numerous other activities. I bought a 2 for 1 book for golfing, & must have played most every course within a 15 mile radius, for we had 95 to choose from. Time was not of the essence any longer & we were enjoying life. The Motor Home was always kept on the ready. When ever the urge would arise, we would be on our way. Frances had 2 Aunts living in Port Hope Ontario & were always wanting to see her which gave us an excuse for our wanderlust to travel.

In 1977 we had a McCreary reunion at Clear Lake & people came from all over the country that had at one time lived there. It was a memorable get together. That was also the year I seemed to have this real bad tooth ache & went to the Doctor in Clear Lake who happened to have his office in an old house. There were a few patients ahead of me.

When the Nurse finally ushered me into his office, I could not believe my eyes. Here was a man with a beard down to his waist, & with hair of the same length. His pants were held up by suspenders & looked like they hadn't seen an ironing board in many a day. He kept prodding around in my mouth, but did not seem to find anything wrong. He excused himself & disappeared into the next room. He came back out with this big Medical book in his hand, & kept riffling through the pages, when all of a sudden he stopped & said, "ah. There it is!" You don't have anything wrong with your teeth! You have Trygeminal Neuralgia! I said. "Try what?" It's a nerve that comes up from the back of your spinal cord & runs up to both sides of your face, which gives you this feeling of a tooth ache. He wrote a prescription out for Tegrital pills to take, one a day, which did not relieve my pain. We went home with this "off and on" shooting pain on the side of my face.

This pain on the side of my face was driving me up a wall. A visit to our Dr. at home was of no help. Surely this pain was not going to continue! After a week or so it did subside & felt normal as ever. There was never a time when to know, that the pain would start, which sets you on edge, wondering & pondering the next attack. The thankful part of the whole deal was that it did not last too long, at times, which kept you on edge. Contemplating the worst.

With just the two of us to look after, we decided to sell the big Motor Home & get a smaller one. With both of us in agreement, we bought a small GMC. We gave it a test run, thought we would be pleased with it, but turned out to be a bad choice. The thing turned out to be rough riding, and the fuel consumption was no better than the big one. The first trip we took was to Florida & we stumbled all the way down. Surely the tires were out of balance & took it in for a wheel balancing, to no avail. The tires were out of round. We stumbled back and tried a different set of tires. No help! After the 3rd set I decided to get rid of it which we did & did without a Motor Home.

This doing without a MH only lasted for a year or so. The next one I bought was a 27ft. Winnibago with a chewy chassis & the big engine. That turned out to be real smooth riding home with so many improvements. We had the time of our life with that one. When ever we would come by an interesting looking golf course, we would pull over & play a round. Did we deserve such a life as this?

Frances and I were more in love then ever, (If that was possible,) When we did get into a tiff, I would remind her of a passage in the Bible!" Protect me from the snare of the Fowler. "Which would make her snicker and we would make up! Frances had so many good traits. The one that seemed so great to me was. She would never go to sleep before a misunderstanding would get resolved! Will just say. I do have a little stubborn streak in me.

There's a song that goes, "Life is just a bowl of cherries." Ours seemed more like a Barrel of cherries." The end of every July we would drive up to Clear Lake, for the "Janzen Family Reunion." In the winter we would take a bit of time off and drive down to Florida.

Back in time just a bit! Fran's Father passed away, while in Florida, in 1972 and Dorothy did not notify us till three days after he was laid to rest. Frances took that very hard, but then I reminded her of what my thoughts were the first time we met!

To tell you the truth. I was beginning to feel sorry for Dorothy. She tried so hard, (in her way,) to display love and affection toward us, and did succeed at times, in having us believe, she did care for us, only to have it all come crashing down, with some thoughtless remark!

Norman & Dorothy had a nice little house in Bocca Raton Florida, with a one car garage that had one of these, up and over door, that was a bit hard to open at times. Norman asked me to see if I could relieve the effort a bit, because Dorothy was having a hard time with pulling it open.

Just up my ally. "Give me something to fix, or repair, and I'm in my glory!" That glory however, came crashing down a bit latter. I added an extra spring on each side of the door, which resulted in the greatest of ease to open. Being so proud of my accomplishment, I ask Norman to give it a try! He did with remark's, " Dorothy will just love this!" Pete has just made this door so easy to open, give it a try! She got hold of the door handle, and just froze in that position, and remarked! " This will pull my arm right out of its socket, to get the door open!" Well, you would not have wanted to read my thoughts! I, for some reason could not please this woman. No mater how hard I tried. In the back of my mind was this feeling of sorrow for her. I tried my best to have dialogue with her, to find out why the resentment toward both of us? That of course was not to be. She would wiggle her self out, at all cost.

For some reason or another, I was a day late getting back to work. My Boss had a good idea. His question was , " Did you come across another golf course you had not played on again?" Of course!

Don't know if this pertains to all men or not. I was in my early 60's , but never seemed to tier. " Bored maybe, " but not tiered ! Frances could never understand that. Don't you ever get tiered ? She would say? Why would I get tiered? I'm healthy and happy! She mumbled something about turning off the hot water tank, so I would have to take a cold shower ! Any one relate to this??

My last undertaking before retirement was to help install a computerized wheel alignment machine at our Ford Agency. With the advancement of front wheel drive & unit body, it became necessary to align all for wheels on a car. This alignment machine was quite an advancement at the time. There was a 17 inch monitor at car level, plus a 4 inch, hand held one for under the car, that would show you exactly

when the right adjustment was made. Like all Computers, you would have to feed in the right information for the alignment to be right, like make, model, year and Vin. Number. It had a price tag of some \$45,000.

The year was 1986 & would be the year of my retirement at age 62. I always enjoyed going to work, but also enjoyed looking forward to my retirement, for there were so many things I was wanting to do.

The Agency gave me a farewell dinner and I was on my own, free as a bird.

Retirement.

The day arrived on June 30th 1986 when I was going to retire from working for a living. My Boss & all the rest of the employees threw a surprise party for me & I was let out to pasture. I took my retirement at age 62 & never had the urge to go back!

Frances and I had done a lot of planing for when this day was going to come around. I got rid of the car's we had, and bought a small car that we would haul behind the Motor Home. That plan never came to a reality. I could not get myself to have a car hanging on the back! When ever we would go anyplace for any length of time, we would rent a car to get around, which worked out great. Wow! Did we deserve a life like this? Did or didn't, we were going to enjoy it, and we did.!

I will not go into all the details, but will just touch on some of the high lights of it. Fran's Cousin Ralph Carlsen & I would meet some where in between of where we lived & get together for a game of golf. There was a course called the Chic Evens. The course was named after him, for this man Chic Evens, has done more for young people to learn the game then anyone in the country. It was a public course and drew people from all over to play it. It being a public course & quite a busy one. We would most always get paired up with another couple. Ralph used to say that we met some interesting people. Well, not really so interesting, but a bit different, you might say! Having said that. This supposedly Mother & Son pair (we thought) was a bit strange. We were sure the lady was twice the boys age , but every once in a while they would get locked into a tight embrace and kiss. We almost felt embraced for them. You call them interesting Ralph???

It was on a day I was going to meet Ralph for a game. While driving along a road that had these solid hydro poles that I noticed some thing very strange while looking at these poles. It seemed as though looking at the pole, it would pull itself into the center, like tying a string around a sausage and pulling it tight. That seemed so strange. Out side of looking at the poles, my eyesight seemed fine!

The eye Dr. looked me over & came up with the prognoses as having the beginning of Macular Degeneration in my left eye. The reason the pole looked so different. The macula, the area of the retina near the optic nerve which distinguishes the fine detail at the center of vision

is not getting enough blood and in turn, results , the center of vision is blurred. The Dr. (An ophthalmologist) further tells me that , in most cases, it eventually effects both eyes, But the peripheral vision does not get effected. Now that was a fine thing to look forward to in starting my retirement! With a strong faith & prayer, I was hoping that it would not effect both eyes! A " Praise item! " at this time of writing, the degeneration has not effected my right eye.

Life went on and the days seemed be getting shorter with all of our activities, Frances with helping Meals on wheels and other church activities. We both continues with bowling and golf. I was still active with our locale model railroad club and also the bible study in church.

I still had the urge to do some painting, that went as far back as my grade school days. With that in mind, I found an old German that was doing landscape painting on TV and would give lessons by means of correspondence, books & videos. Just up my ally. I enrolled in his classes with great zest & determination.

With painting in mind, we went to Florida for the winter and got started.

We rented an apartment on Singer Island, just north of West Palm Beech. The lady we rented from was the wife who's husband had been the Mayor of Singer Island, but had passed on a few years ago. She seemed to know everything about the Island & told me of an art store that a friend of hers owned. To my surprise, it was the size of a small Kmart & had every thing in the way of art supplies & then some, and art classes to boot. How could I have hit it so lucky? When ever we would go to the store for supplies. Frances would take a book with her to read. know you will in there a while, she would say!

During our stay there. I painted 10- 16x24 landscapes & 2 seascapes. Which I hung on the walls of the kitchen with special tape so as not to mark the walls. The Lady we rented from got quite interested in my paintings and would come in every so often to check on my progress, but also concerned about her kitchen walls. I don't remember the details. For some reason, we wanted to stay 2 extra days over what we had contracted for & approached her about the 2 extra days. I think we can arrange that, was her reply. To compensate her for the 2 extra days I would have to let her have one of the seascapes! I will shake on that & was my first sale as an artist. Never told her it was my first try at painting! When both parties agree, its a mutual pact! I forget her name,

But she passed on a few years after.

On the way home we were talking of what a good time we had , how thankful I was for having gotten into painting. Yes she said, and you really get determined when you see what you want! certainly! Don't you remember what happened when I first met you? Gerrrr!

The Island was about 16 miles north of Palm Beech. There was a golf course near by. After a round we would stop in at my Son Davids place for visits. The one day we arrived, they had company. After introductions all around, David turns to his company with remarks. Yes, Dad had rough sledding when he was a kid, he & his Brothers had to walk 3 miles to school up in Northern Canada. Both ways up hill! Now,Now David. Are you not embellishing that a bit? That's what you used to tell us, were his remarks. Kids always seem to remember the wrong things! Anyway,I didn't seem to remember this up hill stuff ! Oh, another story was that,when they first got TV they had to walk all the way across the living room to turn it on! Any one relate to that?

This going to Florida for the winter became quite interesting. A few of our friends had places they would stay for the winter & some retired there. It would be a toss up where to stop & they all would ask us to stop in for as round of golf. Seemed as though all our friends were golfers!

While roaming around in Florida we happened to go by the nursing home where Fran's Stepmother, Dorothy, passed away. It brought back so many memories & not all of them pleasant. How I would have loved to have found out what was going on inside her. There was a strange force within, that she could not bring out into the open. Meeting her Parents might have given an answer, but never happened. There was a reason for her resentment toward Frances. Was it that Frances was so happily married and had 2 nice children? (which she never had . We felt so sorry for her to have taken these inner feelings with her into her grave.

In mulling over past events, it was quite strange to come across a passage in the Upper Room Devotional Guide to start our day.

I call Heaven and earth to witness against you to day that I have set before you Life & Death, blessings & curses. Choose life, so that you and your descendants may live, loving the Lord your God, obeying him, and holding fast to him. Deut. 30; 19-20. Frances and I were determined not to hold a resentment toward Dorothy but rather felt

sorry for her.

Fran's share of her Father's estate was a pittance, which at this point in time, would not have any effect in our life style in any way, shape or form. We opted for a filet mignon at an Out Back Steak House and spent a nice evening.

We had been toying with the idea of moving to Florida for our retirement. An old friend of mine had an influence regarding that move. He said Pete! "Home is where your friends are!" and think it over before you make that move! While tossing that back and forth, we came to a conclusion. We would stay put, and spend time in Florida during the winter months, which has worked out well.

In 1989 we sold the house in Libertyville and bought one in Heather Ridge in Gurnee, just a few miles down the road. It was a self contained community with everything we could be looking for. A small two bedroom ranch with 2 bedrooms, full basement, and 2 car garage. The community had a golf course, tennis courts, club house, pool, horse shoe pits & security patrolled. The transition turned out so well, that we sold the house in Libertyville at 10 am, and bought the one in Heather Ridge, at 2.30 pm the same day, what more could you want? When ever we would get the wanderlust, all we would have to do is call security, they would look after the place & we would be gone?

A friend of mine also retired in 1986 and would stop by to pick me up for golf. He just lived down the street from us. This golfing really got into full swing in 1987, like 5 days a week. Frances would also come with us every so often. At 1:15 pm seemed to be T off time, which gave us the morning to do what needed doing & the afternoons were spent on the beautiful scenery of the course. What a life!

Jack Stewart was my golfing partner and a joy to be with. "Also a Canock by the way!" Him and his wife Velma, came from B.C. The most caring and concerned people you ever want to meet. Jack was with IMC (International Mineral Corporation) and got transferred to Libertyville. Also bought their house down the street about the same time we had ours built. Jack was a well educated man & a joy to be with, my gosh, we settled all the world problems on the golf course!

With such a care free life, I go to thinking of the Bible verse. What ever things are true, what ever things are noble, what ever things are just, what ever things are lovely, what ever things are of good repute, if there is any virtue, and if there is anything praise worthy-meditate

on those things ! Phil. 2-8. Follow the sayings of that verse, and you wont go wrong. Trying to follow that is what has made our marriage and life together so wonderful and happy.

In 1994 Frances developed a pain in her shoulder which turned out to be a bad Rotator Cuff which she got operated on and came through quite well.

In 1996 she developed real pains down the backs of her legs that supposedly was being aggravated by the degenerating tissue between her vertebrae in her back. After numerous consultations by different Dr's, it was agreed upon , that an operation on her back would relieve the pain. Dr. Weirner (a lady Dr.) was to perform the operation. The consensus of opinion was to do a Lamination that would tie the affected vertebrae together for stability. She in turn, was of the opinion that Fran's bones were too brittle to do that type of operation. Frances came through the operation quite well, however, was not progressing toward being able to walk on her own.

After two years in a wheel chair, we again started consulting with Dr's to see if anything could be done to get her to walk! I talked to one of our Ministers from church about Fran's condition. His name was a Jim McDonald who originally came from Portage La Prairie Man. Who suggested I see Dr. Shaeffer, a specialist in back surgery. After quite an extensive examination, he was sure that a laminectomy type of an operation would, or should, bring her back on her feet. We both agreed and the operation was performed.

Three to four months went by & Frances was improving to the point where she could use a walker, and was making fair progress, to the point where she could walk with assistance.

The Family get together for New Years was at her relatives place when Frances fell on her way the wash room which was devastating. After that fall, she certainly was not a candidate for another operation. Her being in a wheel chair did not keep us from going anywhere. I would lift her into the car, from the chair & go.

In the house I added hand rails to the walls so she could hang on, & built a ramp at the door to wheel her over. She was fortunate, not to be in too much pain. I would make her comfortable on the couch, with the TV remote & phone so if need be, could reach me on the golf course in case of an emergency or call 911.

By this time Frances had been confined to a wheel chair for close to 6 years, and was getting less mobile by the day. It got to the point where I would have to carry her in most cases. Her assistance became less and less, to the point that it was taking a toll on me. Our Dr. recommended, to find a nursing home for her, or we might both land up in one.

In may of 2001 I signed her into "Winchester House," A home in Libertyville, which was one of the hardest thing I have ever done in my life! I would go to see her twice a day, morning and afternoon or evening. She was every well taken care of, but I could see her resistance was dwindling, and at that point started losing her will to live. I felt like just scooping her up in my arms, and take her home with me. That of course was not a thought to be acted on.

I was tied for 1st place in a local golf tournament and slated for a sudden death playoff on Sept. 15th at noon, which I lost, and did not feel too cheerful about. When I got home there was a message on the phone, to call Winchester House! My heart sank, for I just had the feeling that my dear Frances was gone, which was the case! The world seemed to darken around me. What a wonderful life we had together, which had now, in the wink of an eye, come to an end. Had I done everything I could for her? A voice within me said, there is nothing more you can do for her now! A feeling that came over me and had to keep reminding myself! Leave the dead with the dead, and the live with the living. That seemed easier to say than to act on, at the time.

The nurses described her passing when I got there. They had wheeled her into the dining room, when she eased over to one side of the wheelchair, and breathed her last. Is life coming to an end for me? No, I could not entertain those thoughts! Life will just have to go on without her. Oh how hard that was to look forward to! After the funeral was over, I came home to a very empty house. As hard as it seemed, I would have to figure out a strategy for my future. With note pad in hand, I jotted down all the things that needed to be done, and another column of things I wanted to do, with hopes of keeping body & mind occupied. When thoughts of the past would come up, I would try so hard to concentrate on all our wonderful times together, which helped me out so much.

I spent the next winter in Florida with my son David & his wife Ann. I kept busy helping them out in any way I could, and enjoyed the winter.

For years I had this thought in the back of my mind about visiting

the Ukraine & put my foot down in the town that I was born. I did not relish the thought of going on my own. No one seemed to be going there, when a thought struck me. Could there be any info. At the Mennonite University in Winnipeg? My Brother Nick, Mary & I went to find out. At first we were looking for a map of the area we used to live. One thing led to another & found out that there was a Mennonite Heritage Cruise forming in September. I said, " Put me on it at all cost!" Must have lost my Mennonite frugality for a bit. As it turned out, I left my car with Sharon & David in New Hamburg Ont. They took me to the airport, and was off to See the Ukraine.

The 747 took off and I was on my way. The monitors on the plane showed us cruising at 535 mph. Altitude at 42,000 ft. and temp. at 72 below. We landed in Kiev Ukraine & boarded the ship and started the cruise down the Denieper River to Odessa, about 200 of us. We spent the nights on board ship. In the mornings there were Busses to take us to all the places that our people used to live in the 17, 18 & 1900s. I got so inspired by all this & made notes of every days happenings. The Ungers that organized the cruise did a wonderful job. Inspiration is what brings everything to light, I came up with a poem about all the happenings.

The Ungers said, lets have a cruise,
 We will invite every one, with a good pair of shoes.
 They came from the south & they came from the north,
 All looking forward, to some Mennonite borsht.
 The busses that took us, to the ship that was waiting,
 To make us at home, for what we had all been anticipating.
 The greetings we got, before stepping onto the boat,
 A piece of the bread, got stuck in my throat.
 This could have been me, had it not been for Gods grace.
 From Kiev to Odessa, the busses did run,
 From the back of the bus, they said just for fun,
 Lets stop at a rest room, for things that needed to be done.
 The stop finally came, with some woods in sight,
 With the men to the left, and the ladies the right.
 This was not exactly, what I had in mind,
 But what can you do, when your in a bind.
 This would have to do, out of the bus we all went,
 Got behind a big tree, and you know what was spent.

The country so good, went by with a flash,
This was the place, where our folks made their hash.
The Mennonite farms, on Gods great green earth,
Were memories shared, from cradle to birth.
How they loved this great country, but not for long,
Had to give everything up, for only a song.
Praise be to the all mighty, for getting us out,
From a country that did, not want us about.
I will always be thankful, to Mother & Dad,
Had they not had guidance, it could have been bad.
The dinners on board ship, were served with aplomb,
Never new who you'd meet, or mention so soon.
The Baerge name was mentioned, who married Helen Isaac,
Way back in the days, when we all road bysic's.
From the next table came, a girl so familiar,
Who looked me over, with a smile on her kisser,
That girl your talking about, is my sister.
So low and behold, the dinners were great,
Good friendships were made, as we sat there and ate.
The guides on the busses, so well versed in history,
Told us how well, we had all shied from whiskey.
Lives were so disrupted, from Odessa to Kieve,
And wondered if they, could ever forgive.
The lectures Paul Toewes, so elegantly gave,
Were a blessing to all, and came away with great gain.
Al Peters with laptop, who tied all together,
Made 7th cousins of all, of the sisters & brothers.
To the Ungers give praise, who tied all in a net
Worked for us so hard, that we will never forget.
A great time was had, for all who were their,
And never to worry, who's lunch you would share.
The Wiens Brauns & Bergen's, the Hofers & Janzen's,
Made friends with the Thiessen's, the Voth's & the Franz's.
But the Dirk's Dyck's & Derken's, Falk Epp's ate their pickle,
Toew's Peter's never knew, they'd make friend's with a Nickel.
So now that we are home, together with children.
Who ever knew this would be, such a memory builder.

To put this poem in a bit more perspective. What seemed so strange to all of us, the fact that we could never find a proper wash room while on our bus tours, roaming the country side. Even the church services that we attended had the most sorrowful looking wash rooms you ever encountered. Just four walls, no wash basins, no toilets, no toilet tissue, no towels, just a dirt floor and a hole in the dirt! Hence, the buss stop at the wooded area where, the Ladies to the right & the gents to the left had to go.

I mailed the poem to all who had E mail addresses, after which my phone lit up with questions of " Copyright law " regarding the use of it in gatherings and church, which of course I consented to.

With that wanderlust in my blood. The next outing was a trip to Seattle where I rented a car and drove out to Port Angeles, West of seattle & next to the Olympic Mountains, to pay a visit to my, golf partner Jack Stewart & wife Velma. They have a second home there which is situated right next to the ocean & can sit and watch the whales splashing around. They entertained me Royally for a few days & took off to Vancouver BC. To see my Nephew " Norm Fowler," who, a few month or so before, had suffered a stroke, and was paralyzed on his right side. Had a nice visit with him & also Frank Penner, an old Army buddy of mine in Abbotsford.

Everything in the past was history, The future lay ahead & I kept myself busy, so as not to let my mind wander too much. I have so many hobbies, which is my strategy in keeping cobwebs out of the upper story, like, collecting stamps, Readers Digest Book of the month club, Landscape Painting, Bowling 3 days a week during the winter months, collecting model cars in 1;32 scale & helping out in the community & church. To make sure my mind stayed alert, in 2003 I began building a HO model railroad in the office, which is laid out on 3 walls of the room. At this point in time, I have no idea as to when that project will ever come to be finished, but am having so much satisfaction in seeing it progress little by little. This keeping busy and all is fine. Eating out so often with friends is all well & good, the problem comes up when you have had an exciting thing happen, or a nice evening out. Then you come back home there are only the walls to talk to. They never seem to answer or comment when you speak, surround you they do!

I remember the days when Jack & I would be walking down the golf fairways with mentions about needing a Computer, like we need

another hole in our head. However, in the year 2000 we both relented and got one. To tell you the troth, that contraption keeps me humble. I can stand a human correcting me when I make a mistake, however, when a machine reminds you of doing things wrong, that's another story & just does not come across the right way! Any one relate to that? I am sure you do!

The " Janzen Family Reunion," is always a high light of the year. It got started some time in the 1980's & takes place at Clear Lake Man. The last week end of July. I feel just great getting together with Relatives. My philosophy of life is!

Friends are the cake of life,
Relatives are the icing on the cake.

Friends are so great to have, but would find it hard to do without family. Being blest with so many, makes me so thankful & appreciate all of you. Would not life seem empty with out them?

At the time of this writing I am 80 yrs young & thankful for my health and happiness. I have kept track of all the games of golf that Jack Stewart and I have played since we retired in 1986, also enjoyed every one of them. At this point in time we have played 1,263 rounds, walked 6,310 miles, Hit the ball 109,794 times & averaged 2 ¼ puts per hole. Time goes fast, when your having fun & we had a lot of it. The pedometer I had to calculate the miles showed us walking an average of five miles to a game. On a bad day it would show a bit over 5 miles to a game & the good ones a bit under 5 miles a round. The only time we would take a cart was if the temp. would go over the 90's which would happen on an average of 4 to 6 times a season. What I spent on golf, I will not go into at this time!

The year is 2004, David & Sharon sent me an E-mail to tell me that they & Jake & Ann family were planing a surprise Birthday party for Ann on her 80th. I asked them to count me in & turned out to be a blast. It was held at their Church in Stienbach & had some 125 guests. A great time was had by all.

The Song of My Life.

83.

**I was born Peter Janzen, In a family of ten,
Five of them were women, and five of them were men.
I could not have done better, If i'd picked them myself,
We all lived together real well.
We came out of Russia, when I was just two,
Never looked back, to the things we left to do.
Mom & Dad wanted religion, in their own fashion way,
Sing hymns when when they wanted, & kneel when they pray.
They instilled in us a way, that would lead us through life,
And when our days were over, we would know it was right.
I was the only one to join, the forces over seas,
Where I met this wonderful nurse, the world had ever seen.
We clicked right from the start, & what a time we had,
We started life together hand in hand.
We worked so hard together, to make our patients well,
That were brought from the front,
Where they had really been through hell.
It wasn't all just work, we also had some fun,
We played tennis on the courts, & skated on the run.
An when the war was over, we both came back home,
Decided to get married, & never more to roam.
When we finally tied the knot, and made sure that it was tight,
So when trouble came along, we could push it out of sight
The thing we couldn't do, was to raise a family'
So we adopted a little boy, and wee girlie too.
Life together was so great, in so many ways,
Till God said to frances, I will take you away.
She left us all so peaceful, and we know where she went,
Her day's on earth were over, and her energy was spent.
But life has to go on, and it's so hard to do,
Though the memories I have , will see me through & through!**

It was quite strange how this song came to me & will describe the event of the time. I had just attended the funeral services for my Sister Helen & Abe's wife Lena, in McCreary Man. The cause for their demise was the result of the tragic car accident they were in near St. Rose, just a bit north of McCreary. I stayed the night at Nick & Mary's

in Wpg. And started for home early the next morning, with a stop over at my Brother Jack and Ann's. It was a very dark, dreary, sultry and foggy morning. I wheeled onto Portage Ave. Slid under an overpass, took a right, and eased the car onto the Wpg. Bypass, heading south. A real soupy day. My thought's went back to the prior day's event's and was mourning the lose of Helen and Lena. The foggy day was not doing anything for me. I pushed the cruise on and gave the radio on button a bump. The music that came on was so soothing, it seemed to surround me from all direction's. Slid the car over to the right lane of the road and enjoyed the music. There were no word's, but just a continuing, repetitive instrumental of string and horn music. It stirred me to the point of mouthing word's to it. I did that while cruising down the road and came up with the song of my life, that you just read on the previous page. I was sure it came from CKY Wpg. and called them but could not get through to them. Have you ever fallen in love with a piece of music you cant forget? That's the effect it had on me, and can still hum it in my mind. Just beautiful! By the time I got home (850) miles I managed to put words to it. Inspiration can do wonderful thing's! Being on the sentimental side, it just made my day!

Some reminiscing is in order about the time in History I have lived, and marvel at what technology is doing to help us in the way we live. From walking behind a plow, to push button living! There seam's to be a generation gap that everyone is concerned about, Is it really all that big? The gap is actually not that big. The younger generation is just trying to change the meaning of word's, and not listening what Mr. Webster's interpretation is, like, Cool, Microwave, High, Stoned, Flower people, Pot, Coming out, and, making out! Put on your humor cap, here we go!

Cool. A Son asks his Father if he lived during the time you had to walk all the way across the living room floor, to turn on the TV?The answer, "that's right Son!"The Kid say's Cool! What's cool about that? We were cool in our day. But it meant that we came out in the cold and forgot to put on a jacket!

Microwave. Micro means, very small, and wave, is something in the ocean! Today we have it in the kitchen!

High. We got high in our day, but the reason we got high, we were on a hill or mountain!

Stoned. To me stoned, means having rocks thrown at you. Eh?

Flower people. The kid's carrying the flowers at a wedding, right?

Pot. Something we use to cook in, OK?

Coming out. We used to come out. Didn't we? We came out of a house or car in our day.

Making out. Was how we made out on our report card in school.

Hippy. Webster defines it as that part of the body on either side just below the waist. Hippy, were the one's with extra portion's on either side, just below the waist.

Lobbying. Was a little under the table, and called a bribe in our day.

I suppose I am called the " Older generation!" Still like the Old Webster's definition of the word & will stay with my resolve to hang in there. There is however something to be said about our young'ns. The world around them do's seam a bit confusing & mixed up when you consider what is happening all around us. Were we rebellious when we were young? Maybe not quite as much to be rebellious about! I suppose

my Mother & Father considered me a Rebel Leader, when you consider me coming from being raised a Mennonite, & then throwing everything to the wind, and marrying an Englisher . (so to speak.) Their acceptance of my wife as a (good person,) pleased me more then anyone will ever know, and made the 53 years with her so wonderful & thank the Lord for her, and our life together. Looking back in retrospect. My feeling are, I would not want to change a thing! However, maybe make me a bit less stubborn at time's, a bit less outspoken, a bit more tolerant at time's & a bit sooner to forgive! Then again, maybe I was just meant to be who I really am! Will keep that in mind, for the day's I have left on this earth.

To say that one generation is responsible for the one's they bring up, we will have to ask ourselves. How did we do? Can we live with that? Each individual will have to answer for himself!